THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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EXPECTATION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GILBERT GLENALAN.

There's a perfect calm o'er shore and sea,
And the breakers' work is done—
And silently beyond the lea
Drops down the golden sun.

In a little while the moon will shine
With pleasing, silvery light,
And sparkling stars their wreaths will twine
Round the darksome brow of night.

And sparkling eyes to-night will cast
Their beautiful, soft gleam,
As they have done in days long past
And vanished like a dream.

Oh haste, dear love, to this lone shore,
I have waited long for thee,
I long to kiss thy lips once more
To the music of the sea.

As throbs the wave against the sand,
So throbs my heart for thee—
The tide has ebbed from off the strand,
But my love ebbs not from thee.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.

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CHAPTER V.

FROM ONE TROUBLE TO ANOTHER.

It does not often happen, I think, that a gentleman passes as many hours as I did in the presence of a young, interesting and wealthy heiress, without having some better idea of her personal appearance than I had of Miss Brandon's before the gray light of morn had begun to lift the heavy shadows from stream and forest, and I remember having almost as much curiosity to examine her features as the shores of the bayou on which we had remained for safety. As it began to grow light, we found ourselves glancing at each other, and she said, with a smile:

"When one is so fortunate as to meet with a true friend, it is very natural one should like to know how he looks!"

"Very natural indeed!" I replied; "and in this case I have more to gain than you."

"How so?"

"Because I am favored with by far the more interesting view."

"More gallantly than truthfully said!" she rejoined, with a laugh and a blush.

As her features first dimly came out of the darkness, I thought them quite pretty and interesting; but when they became clearly revealed in the full light of day, I could not but acknowledge their classic beauty.

Alice Brandon was tall, finely formed, and had a lofty, independent, queen-like air, which was quite imposing. Her forehead was high and broad, and her nose just sufficiently aquiline to give character to her face. Her eyes were full, dark, and very expressive, with arched brows and long lashes, and her handsome mouth and chin conveyed the idea of decision and firmness. Though there was nothing approaching to the masculine in her appearance—though the lineaments were all soft and delicate, partaking much of feminine gentleness and sweetness—yet there was no mistaking the fact that here was a spirit to lead rather than to be led—to dare and bear rather than to shrink and bend. Her passions were unquestionably strong, and in either her love or her hate you might look for something positive if not extreme. It will be remembered that while in the hands of her captors—when she believed herself surrounded only by ruffians, and could have had little or no hope of escaping from them—her language and conduct had been such as to lead me to pronounce her a remarkable lady; and now I fancied I could see all those traits of character in her bright, intelligent countenance. Her features were pale, and marked with a look of care and anxiety—for it had been a night of fearful trial to her—but there was nothing of that shrinking, tremulous fear which scarcely one lady in a thousand would have failed to exhibit under such trying circumstances. She was neatly dressed, in a dark green riding habit, with gold buttons; and under her jaunty cap, with its gay feather, her long, lustrous black hair was arranged in a most becoming manner. Upon her fingers glittered two diamond rings of great value, which the ruffians had not touched. Her age, as she had already stated, was just turned of nineteen; but she would probably have been taken for two or three and twenty, so mature was her look.

Perhaps while I am on the subject of age and personal appearance, somebody would like to have some idea of my own; but then am I just the sort of individual to give an impartial description? Nearly every one finds something to admire when he or she stands before a glass, and in this respect I cannot say that I was an exception at the age of twenty-two. I always saw there, at that period, what to me was quite an interesting face; and as I seldom looked at it except I was in an amiable mood, it generally looked back at me in a rather pleasant and agreeable sort of way, and not unfrequently smiled, if only to show a very white and even set of teeth. I saw black eyes and black hair, features pretty regular and not very ugly, and with just beard enough, neatly trimmed, to suit my idea of dignified manhood. In height I was just five feet and ten inches, of a slender but muscular build; and being of a quick, active temperament, and blessed with a fair share of self-conceit, I flattered myself I was just about as good as anybody, either mentally, morally, or physically. At that period I had never seen anybody that I liked any *better* than myself, and so it may readily be inferred that I had never been in love.

I am not certain I shall interest anybody by saying anything more about myself at this particular time—in fact I can fancy some impatient individual already finding fault with my egotism—but for all that, I think a few more words here may not be out of place. As stated at the beginning of my narrative, I was already a legal doctor; but only a fresh graduate, without practice; and I had come South for several reasons. In the first place, my father was connected with a large commercial house, which had extensive dealings throughout the South; and there were some debts to be collected and some lands to be disposed of in Louisiana, which had been intrusted to me. In the second place, I had been a close, hard student for several years, and I was eager to rest myself by travel, and at the same time discover, if possible, some pleasant locality, where I should be contented to settle down to the labors of my profession. In the third place, I wanted to visit the home of my friend, Ernest La Grange, to which I had been repeatedly invited in a manner there was no mistaking. In the fourth place, how did I know but some rich planter's daughter—young, lovely, intelligent and accomplished—might take a—might fall in—a—ahem! In short, I was human, and not the worst looking man in the world, and why shouldn't she? If these are not reasons enough, and good enough, according to your idea, reader, for my journey to the place where you and I first made our acquaintance, you will please to wait till I furnish you with some other and better ones.

"Considering that we have been so long known to each other through a common friend," said I to Miss Brandon, "it seems very remarkable that we should have first met in a manner savoring so much more of romance than reality; and I only hope that the same Providence which brought us together so mysteriously, and in the only way and time perhaps in which I could have effectually aided in your liberation from your captors, will still continue to favor, guard and guide us till I can see you in the hands of your friends!"

"And we may perhaps find them sooner than you anticipate," she rejoined.

"How so?"

"I flatter myself there will be a search for the daughter of Colonel Brandon," she answered, with a becoming air of pride; "and if some of my father's dogs are put on the trail of my captors, they may be guided hither in time to save us any unnecessary wandering through a region of country with which none of us are acquainted."

"That is certainly an inspiring hope," said I, "and perhaps we shall do well to remain on the water here for the present."

"I would suggest the prudence of such a course," she answered.

"But if your surmise be a correct one, would they not have reached yonder shore by this time?"

"There are many things to be considered before arriving at such a conclusion," she replied. "In the first place, you must bear in mind it was near dark when I was captured; the overseer, who heard my cries, would have to go to the house and give the alarm; messengers might have to be dispatched for miles, to collect a sufficient number of Regulators to make the pursuit justifiable; then the dogs would have to be put on the scent, and followed in the dark, over a wide stretch of country, with the trail broken twice at least by two separate streams: all this would take a good deal of time, and might well account, I think, for their not yet having made their appearance."

"True," returned I, "you are right, and we still have the right to hope."

While conversing with Miss Brandon, my eyes were not idle; and, with the gradually increasing light of day, I was eagerly scanning everything—on the boat, on the water, and on the shore.

The boat was a large, flat-bottomed scow, wide, shallow, and turned up at either end, having neither bow nor stern, evidently intended for the ferrying of horses or cattle, and was worked by poles and long oars. The ferryman was a short, stout, very black negro, about thirty years of age, ignorant if not brutal, with a sullen, hang-dog look. The bayou was nearly half-a-mile wide in some places, shallow, with a muddy bottom, its shores lined with a swampy growth of bushes and trees, and stretched away to the east and west as far as we could see. With the exception of up and down the bayou, which appeared to have little or no current, the view was bounded by the swampy shores, which spread away on a dead level, with not even a hill in the distance for the eye to rest on. The morning rose fair, with the sun glancing brightly across the still waters; a few birds could be seen flitting here and there, and occasionally a silvery carol reached us: these were all we found cheering in the scene. Our three horses drooped their heads and appeared to be hungry and tired, the Dutchman looked dull and sullen, and the Yankee seemed worried and anxious.

"Consarn it all," whined the latter, "this ere's a putty fix for a feller to be in the fust time he puts his foot in the derned country!"

"You have indeed put your foot in it and no mistake!" returned I, scarcely able to keep from laughing in his face.

"I say, Doctor—you be a doctor, aint you?"

"Certainly."

"Yes, wal, I understood you so, anyhow, and I've been calling you that all along. It's a good thing to be with a doctor, you know, in case you git took sick. But I say, you—what be we agoing to du next?"

He had not heard the conversation between Miss Brandon and myself, and so I explained that she was in hopes her friends would at least trace her to the other shore, in which case we should have nothing more to fear.

"Wal, s'pose they don't?"

"Then, after waiting a reasonable time, we shall probably have to try the venture through the swamp by ourselves."

"And you've all got hosses 'cept me, and I spect I'll have to foot it. Jest my dern luck! Of course my hoss had to up and git hit, and then jump overboard, like a dern fool."

This was said in such a whining tone, with such a lugubrious air, compounded of sorrow, anger and contempt, that both Miss Brandon and myself laughed outright. Instantly the sharp, freckled face of the Yankee reddened with anger, and his little eyes flashed, as he exclaimed:

"You can laugh, if you want to, Doctor—if you see any fun in't; but if it had ben your hoss, 'stead of mine, you'd a sung a different tune, I guess!"

"Well, it is certainly no laughing matter," returned I, with a serious air, "and I am really sorry you lost your beast. And as a proof how sorry I am, I promise you, if we have to take to the wood by ourselves, you shall ride with me, a part of the way at least."

"I say," said Caleb, appearing a good deal mollified, and seeming to be struck with a new idea, "what was that are nigger doing over to'ther side with the boat, arter taking them are scamps across?"

"Sure enough!" said I; "he must have gone back for some purpose—perhaps to bring over another party."

"That's it, I swum! now see 'f it aint!" he rejoined.

Then turning to the black, who was standing apart, in a sulky mood, he called out, in an authoritative tone:

"Come here, you nigger, and tell us the truth, or I'll let daylight right through ye!"

The black came shuffling forward, with a sullen scowl, and his eyes cast down.

"See here, you, now—look up and answer me!" pursued Stebbins. "You ferried them are derned scamps over this ere river, didn't you?"

The negro raised his eyes, with an angry gleam, and answered, with a dogged air:

"Ise spects dem aint no scamps, Marser, no more den dis yar aint no riber!"

"Wal, come now, we don't want none of your lip, and none of your opinions, but a straightforward answer to what we ax you!" said Caleb, drawing up his slender person, with what he intended for a dignified air. "You ferried over them are scamps, didn't you? I say scamps, because they're jest as big rascals as ever stretched hemp."

The negro darted a glance of angry contempt at the speaker, and then turned to me and said respectfully, touching his woolly hair:

"Ise spects der Cap'en yere am de gemmen to ax dis chile what he wants to know."

"Well, then, Sam, answer me, and truly, as you value your life!" said I. "Did you ferry over Blake and his party last night?"

"Yes, Marser."

"Did you afterward take the boat back alone to the other side?"

"Yes, Marser."

"Well, for what purpose?"

"Case I's told to do um."

"Did Blake expect some more of his friends to come over before morning?"

"Spects he did, Marser."

"Did he tell you so?"

"Yes, Marser."

"Well, when I called you over, you thought it was Blake, did you?"

"Yes, Marser, Ise spects I hears Marser Blake call me to come ober dar."

"Up to that time, the party expected had not arrived, had they?"

"No, Marser."

"But you were looking for them every minute?"

"Yes, Marser."

"How many did you expect?"

"Don't know dat, Marser."

"Do you think they came after you left that side again?"

"Don't know, Marser."

"Have you heard anything of them since?"

"No, Marser."

"Have you seen any of them, or any of your other friends, this morning?"

"No, Marser."

"How far are we from the nearest village, or plantation?"

"Don't know, Marser."

"How far do you think?"

"Spects about a hundred mile!"

"Great ginger, what a lie!" cried Caleb.

"The boy evidently has no idea of numbers!" I explained.

"D'you call him a *boy* now, Doctor?" returned Caleb. "A putty *boy*, he is, I swum! Why, he's older'n I be!"

Now, as on the previous occasion when I questioned the negro, I could get nothing from him at all satisfactory. Either he did not know, or he was determined not to tell.

We remained where we were till the sun was more than an hour high, and during all this time we saw no human being on either shore. What had become of our last night's foes? Were they watching us from the side of the bayou where we had left them? or had they gone off and found the means of getting across, so as to intercept us in case we should land on the other bank? And then again, what of the party expected by Blake? Had they arrived at a time when our loud words and pistol shots had given them ample notification of what was taking place? and had they quietly secreted themselves to assail us the moment we should land? or had they not come at all? In the most hopeful light I could view the matter, there was the shadow of danger; and the thought of landing was accompanied by a feeling of uneasiness, not to say apprehension.

But we could not remain all day on the boat; to stay there, in open view from either shore, was perhaps to invite the danger we feared; it seemed important that we should soon be on the move.

"I hope this delay, in waiting for your friend, may not work more evil to us than good!" I at length said to Miss Brandon.

"Do you think then we had better land now, and endeavor to find our way through the swamp?" she inquired.

"Sooner or later we may have to do so," I replied, "and of course the more daylight we have before us the better."

"Then do what you think best, my friend—I will be guided, as I have been, by your judgment and advice!" she rejoined.

I consulted with Caleb and Peter, and the result was that we decided to land forthwith.

It did not take us long to work the boat to the shore, and there we saw a travelled path leading into and probably through the swamp. We had all our pistols carefully loaded, and, as we slowly rode from the boat, we scanned every object with the keenest care. According to promise, I allowed the unfortunate Yankee to mount behind me; but he was still full of grumbling at the loss of his "hoss, saddle-bags and things."

"You ought to be thankful your life has been spared!" said I.

"So I be, Doctor," he replied; "but I don't see why I mightn't jest as wal have had my hoss tew, consarn it!"

At this moment a thought struck me. Perhaps the negro would at once row back to the other side, and, if the villains were still there, allow them an opportunity to follow us. Our safety seemed to demand that this should be prevented, for some hours at least, and so I resolved that the black should keep us company for a while. Explaining this to the others, I requested Stebbins to mount behind his friend Peter and allow me to take up the black.

"Great ginger! be you agoing to ride with a nigger?" he exclaimed, with an astonished look.

"No," I replied, "I intend Sam shall ride with me."

"Jest the same thing, Doctor."

"With a slight difference, Mr. Stebbins! I trust, however, you will duly appreciate the sacrifice I make for your safety!"

As soon as the Yankee had dismounted, I called Sam to me and bade him get up in front.

"Is you gwine to tote me off, Marser?" he inquired, not looking over much pleased.

"I am not going to carry you off very far, Sam; and if you behave yourself, I shall soon set you at liberty; but if you attempt to get away before I give you leave, I shall shoot you like a dog! Do you understand me?"

"Spects I does, Marser!" he muttered, in reply, as he mounted to the place I had assigned him.

"Now then," said I, "we are ready to try our fortune anew."

"If I only had a big doll-baby to hold!" returned Miss Brandon, with a merry laugh at our rather ludicrous appearance.

"Perhaps you will have a live robber yet—who knows? though you seem to have less fear than any of us!" said I.

"Certainly, Doctor Walbridge, this is no time for jesting!" she rejoined, with a sober air; "but if I reach home safely, look out for a full length portrait of horse, rider, and—*baggage!*"

"Ah, laugh then, as much as you please, Miss Brandon, and I will keep you company!"

We now rode forward into the swamp, which was in some respects like the one I had passed through the preceding day. About fifty yards from the boat-landing, was a poor, miserable-looking hut, half buried among the trees and bushes.

"Who lives there, Sam?" I asked.

"I does, Marser."

"Who else?"

"Nobody, Marser."

"What do you get to eat?"

"Rice, and corn, and taters and meat."

"You don't raise these things?"

"No, Marser, dey brungs 'em."

"They? who?"

"Der gemmens what comes to der ferry."

"Do they come often and many of them?"

"Spects dey does, Marser."

"How often?"

"Spects a tousand times, Marser!"

"How many of them?"

"Reckons 'bout a million, Marser."

"Which is the most, Sam, a hundred, a thousand, or a million?"

"Ise doesn't know, Marser—Ise nebber heerd—but I spects a hundred am."

I saw it was useless to try to get any important information out of Sam, and so I stopped putting questions to him.

We had ridden for an hour, over a broad, smooth path, that had been recently used, when we came to a thicket that stretched across it like a wall. It appeared as if the path had been thus far cut into the swamp from the bayou, and been much used by travellers, and that this was the whole of it. When I looked to see it turn off, to the right or left, I was surprised to find no continuation, and yet the ground was well trodden, up to the very point where it ceased.

"What is the meaning of this?" I queried; but no one was able to give me an answer.

On looking at the bushes, to the right and left of the path, I saw here and there places where they were bent and broken, as if here the horsemen had been in the habit of separating and each taking a course to suit himself. Perhaps they united here when coming from the other direction, and the design was to baffle pursuit! At all events, from all I had seen and heard, I was led to believe we were upon the secret route of a formidable band of freebooters, who probably had their head-quarters far beyond where I had first fallen in with them.

"Well," said I to my companions, "as the path stops here, we must push into the thicket without it."

I took the lead, and rode through a tangled mass of bushes, reeds, moss and vines, for something like half a mile, when we struck an open pine wood and higher ground. Shortly after this we came upon another travelled path; and we could see that this, like the other, had often been entered and left at different places within the distance of the first half mile.

"Fortunately," said I, "we have hit the right course—at least I think so—for I believe this path is a continuation of the other, and that the different turn-outs here are merely for the purpose of misleading whoever may attempt to follow the villains."

"It would seem so," replied Miss Brandon; "and undoubtedly we have only seen a very small portion of a formidable band!"

"That is just what I think."

"It is strange," she added, with a proud curl of her lip, "that none of my people have yet made their appearance! I had thought I was of more consequence!"

"There has been some important cause for the delay, Miss Brandon, rest assured!" said I. "You are not one to be missed without being searched for! In the first place, have they had time to reach here if they set out at daylight?"

"Fast riding would have brought them here before this time, I think!"

"But remember, they only have a blind, uncertain trail to follow!"

"Yes, but they have dogs!"

"And do not dogs get at fault on a trail crossed by others than the pursued? You know, Miss Brandon, that Sam here says another party was expected to cross the bayou; and as that party did not appear, it seems to me no unreasonable conjecture that they have in some way delayed your friends."

"Perhaps so," she replied; "but if they keep on being delayed, and we meet with no further misfortune, I may soon reach home without their assistance."

"God grant it!"

We rode on, at a good, lively pace, for half an hour, when I thought it about time to give Sam his liberty, as we had nothing now to fear from his taking his boat over the other side when he could get back to it. At this juncture my horse gave a loud snort, and shied so suddenly that I lost my balance and fell to the ground, dragging the negro with me. I was up in a moment; but I had lost my hold of the bridle rein, and my frightened beast was already running away.

"Hallo, there! great ginger! there goes the Doctor's hoss!" was the exclamation of Caleb, who was mounted with Peter and riding a little behind me.

"I will try to catch him!" cried Miss Brandon, instantly dashing after the flying beast, before I had time to put in a remonstrance.

"Follow, Peter, as fast as you can, and don't let the young lady be without a protector in this wild country!" cried I to the Dutchman. "Here,

Stebbins, jump down and keep me company, for that beast is not fit to carry two on a race!"

"Yaw, shoost you gits down avile, and den I cans run so fast as her already!" cried Peter, almost pitching Caleb off, in his haste to get rid of him, and instantly spurring his horse over the rough road in hot pursuit.

"Wal, if that are aint cool, then I don' know—pitching a feller down as if he was a bag of sand!" grumbled Caleb Stebbins. "I say, you, 'pears to me good hosses is gittin rather scase! Fust that fool of mine goes, and now yourn!"

"I hope, if they don't succeed in catching mine soon, they will let him go and turn back," said I, "otherwise they may lose their way and not be able to find us again!"

"Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed Caleb, fairly turning pale at the thought; "if we lose that are gal, Miss Brandon, I shan't git paid for my critter, and them are saddle-bags and things of mine, shall I?"

"Hardly, I think."

"Consarn it all, we oughtn't to have let her go!" he whined.

"Then I should have lost my horse perhaps!"

"Wal, you wouldn't a minded that, I guess—a rich feller like you be!"

"Why do you suppose I am rich?"

"'Cause you look as if you was."

While we were thus conversing, we heard the deep baying of distant hounds.

"Ha!" cried I, "Miss Brandon's friends are coming at last!"

"Is dem blood-hounds, Marser?" inquired Sam, in alarm.

"I think so."

"Den whar'll we go, Marser? for dey'll chawr us up!"

"By Jove," exclaimed I, "that may be true! We must get out of the way of these furious brutes! Here are trees—let each of us climb one for himself!"

I had scarcely made the suggestion, when the frightened Yankee began to carry out his part of it in the quickest possible time; Sam, too, was not slow in following his example; and, if truth must be told, I hardly think I was more than a thousand years behind either. There was nothing so pleasant in the idea of being torn to death by blood-hounds, that a man fond of life would care to sit on the ground and whistle them up.

From my secure position, up among the thick branches of a tree, I heard their baying, every minute growing louder. As they drew near, they were evidently perplexed for a while; and then a portion came toward us, and the rest seemed to turn off in pursuit of Miss Brandon and Peter. I heard human voices; and, shortly after, some half a dozen dogs began to yelp under our trees, and at least a dozen horsemen dashed up, with yells of rage and satisfaction.

CHAPTER VI.

ALMOST A MURDER.

"Hallo, you scoundrels! so we have you at last, have we?" exclaimed a tall, dark, handsome man, in a foreign accent, as he reined up his horse, almost under me, and looked up with a scowl. "Come, down with you, before we fire and bring you down!"

"Don't be quite so fast, my friend," said I, "for you are evidently laboring under a mistake!"

"And you'll be laboring under a halter before you are many hours older!" was his fierce reply; and I could see his brows knit, his eyes flash, and his lips compress.

"Who do you take us for?" demanded I.

"Kidnappers, horse-thieves, negro-stealers, robbers, cut-throats, ruffians—the devil knows what!" said he.

"I hope we have titles enough!" laughed I; for though the words and looks of this man and others were savage almost to ferocity, I had no fear of injury, believing all would be right as soon as I could convince them of their mistake in taking us for the captors of Miss Brandon.

"Shoot him down!" cried the leader, in a rage.

The whole party was armed with pistols and carbines, and a couple of the latter were immediately raised and pointed toward me. The affair now began to look pretty serious. I might be shot first, and the matter of guilt or innocence be inquired into afterward.

"Hold, rash men," cried I, "if you be not murderers yourselves! Before you put me to death, let me at least have a trial and know of what I am accused!"

"Consarn it all, yes!" put in the Yankee, who felt himself to be in the same peril as myself; "jest let us know what we've been doing that you don't like, afore you shoot us down like wild beasts! Thunderation to Jerusalem! Can't a gintleman come out into this darned country and do the decent thing without being shot for't?"

"Don't shoot!" cried several voices; "these men are certainly entitled to a trial before execution!"

"I tell you," cried the one who had so savagely addressed me, "we are only wasting time when we allow these scoundrels to live a minute! We shall never rid the country of them unless we put to death all we find and as fast as we find them!"

"But putting them to death, in cold blood, without a fair trial, would be murder, Captain Sebastian!" said one of the party.

"Gentlemen," said I, "if you will call off your dogs, I will come down among you and prove to you how greatly you are mistaken in the individual who now has the honor to address you."

"No doubt of it!" cried the fierce Captain; "that is just what I fear! With some devil's trick you will make yourself out a saint, and get off, to plot and execute more wicked schemes! I'll not hear you!" he concluded, unslinging his carbine and bringing the piece to his eye.

It was a critical moment for me! One click in that second, and this story might never have been told! At that instant one of the men nearest to the furious Captain caught hold of the weapon just as he was pulling the trigger. It went off and the ball whistled past my head.

"For shame! for shame!" cried several voices; and then there succeeded much confusion, loud talking, and some angry words.

At last quiet was restored, the dogs were called off and put in leash, and we were all ordered down. As we came together, and the dismounted men formed around us, I saw that Stebbins was very pale and nervous, and that Sam fairly trembled with fear. The party surrounding us, some ten or twelve in number, were pretty rough, stern looking fellows, with the exception of four, who appeared to be Southern gentlemen of education, feeling and refinement, and to whom I was really indebted for the preservation of my life.

Captain Sebastian, who was so eager to take our lives without trial—for what reason I did not know till long afterward—was a man about five-and-forty years of age—a Spanish creole, born in Mexico—tall, finely formed and handsome, with dark, expressive features, a nose slightly aquiline, and an eye black and piercing as an eagle's. He looked wicked enough, when I first saw him, to make a very unfavorable impression on me—though I was subsequently led, through a change of circumstances, to think him quite agreeable in many respects. I may add, however, that he never had my entire confidence—that I never felt entirely at ease in his company—for it always seemed to me as if there was something hidden in his nature—something dark and sinister that I could not fathom. His temper was quick and fiery, but under such complete control of his iron will that he could at any time be outwardly calm and stoical. His smile, when he sought to win your regard, or was really pleased with you, was quite fascinating; yet I always felt somehow as if there was something wrong—perhaps a want of sincerity—perhaps a concealed design—I could not tell what. He had, it was said, been involved in a Mexican revolt, and been obliged to leave the country to save his life. He had come to the —— parish of Louisiana, with his wife and daughter, some ten years before the date of my story, had purchased and stocked a fine plantation, and was regarded as a wealthy, high-toned, honorable gentleman. He had been one among the first in organizing the band of Regulators previously spoken of, and was the second officer in command. His zeal in the cause, even though carried to rashness, made him quite popular among the honest part of the community. It was generally believed that he hated villainy and desired the complete extermination of the outlaws infesting that region; and if he sometimes allowed his passion to get the better of his judgment, as in my case, it was easily pardoned by those who believed it meant for the good of society. Much of this of course I learned afterward; but I have stated it here, because I wish to direct special attention to one who will figure prominently in my narrative.

"Well, sir," said Captain Sebastian, still scowling fiercely at me, "now that your villainous life is spared a little longer, what have you to say for yourself?"

"This," said I, with compressed lips, slowly and sternly, giving him back glance for glance, "that if you are a gentleman, I am your peer, and now stand ready, if those good gentlemen will see fair play, to cram every vile epithet you have applied to me down your own throat!"

He started, with a kind of smothered yell, and sprung forward to strike me; but the blow was arrested by some of his own friends, who seized and held him back.

"You forget yourself, Captain Sebastian!" said one of the four gentlemen referred to; "this man is a prisoner, and it is sufficient for the present that we put him on trial for his life. If we find him guilty, we shall punish him enough; and if not, it will be time enough for you to call him to a personal reckoning afterward!"

"And if you do not find me guilty," said I, "I have a right to be considered a gentleman, and, as such, your passionate friend here must either recall his words or take the consequences. Gentlemen," I pursued, "I come from the North, where duelling is looked upon with abhorrence; but notwithstanding that, I have been intimate with too many Southern gentlemen not to know that here it is a custom of which I may be permitted to avail myself, and I warn you that I shall either have an apology or demand satisfaction!"

"You will probably have a halter before either!" sneered the Captain.

"Why do you insult me in this manner?" demanded I.

"Because I believe you to be a villain!" he replied.

"You should not judge everybody by yourself, Captain!"

"Come, come," said one of the others, a mild, venerable-looking man, "cease this bickering and let us get on with the business we have in hand! Young men," he pursued, addressing both Caleb and myself, "a very heinous crime was last evening committed in the parish of ——, nothing less than the kidnapping and carrying off of the daughter of——"

"Colonel Brandon!" interrupted Stebbins. "Yes, wal, we know all about that are, and can tell you all about it tew, in putty quick time. She was here herself only a bit ago, and ought to be back here now. You see we got her away from the villains what had her, and was agoing on home with her, when the Doctor's hoss here——But, hold on! I'll go back to the starting p'int and tell you the hull story."

"Suppose you let me relate it, Mr. Stebbins!" said I.

"Wal, du it, Doctor—du it—I don't care a dern how it's told; you can du it as well's I can, I guess; only I want these ere gentlemen to see that they haint been using us right, arter all we done for the gal! No, sir! I snum! that's a fact!"

"If you had asked me a few straightforward questions in the first place, gentlemen," said I, "or had even permitted me to tell what I know, much harsh language, and many unkind feelings, might have been avoided. I supposed in the first place you were seeking Miss Brandon, but I could enter into no explanations while my life was being threatened. Had you come up a few minutes sooner, you would have found us together; but unfortunately my horse shied and threw me and ran away, and she, being mounted, went in pursuit of it. I am surprised you did not meet her, for she went toward the point from which you came. Perhaps the horse turned off from the path into the swamp. Your dogs appeared to find that something had crossed the trail they were following—so I judged, at least—and I fancied a part of them and your company separated from you before you came in sight of us. Am I right?"

"Yes—go on—tell your whole story."

"Before I proceed, let me make one remark, that must convince you we are not the kidnappers of Miss Brandon. If we had been carrying her off, with all last night for a start, you would hardly have found us here, such a little distance from her home, without horses, and concealed in the branches of the trees."

"We did not suppose you were the kidnappers yourselves, but only a portion of the same gang!" said the gray-haired gentleman.

"Ah, that indeed! But why not take us for honest men, as well as rogues, till you could know something more about us?"

"Is it likely that two honest men would be hiding in the tree-tops with a negro in their company?"

"Yes, with blood-hounds coming down on them."

"But do innocent men think every dog they hear a blood-hound?"

"At least, in this case, Miss Brandon was expecting her father's hounds to precede the party coming in quest of her, and she was much disappointed at not seeing you at an earlier hour!"

"Is it possible, gentlemen, you can have the patience to hear this fellow any further? don't you see it is all a trumped-up, bungling lie!" exclaimed Captain Sebastian, with scornful malignity, beginning to pace to and fro.

"All——fudge! that's my opinion!" said one of the coarser fellows.

"Shucks!" growled another.

"Tie him up and give him fifty—that'll fetch the truth out of him!" put in a third.

"Let's let the nigger speak!" cried a fourth.

"He can't give evidence agin a white man, you know!"

"Cuss the evidence! we don't want any more'n we've got! Speak, boy! what's your name?"

"Sam, Marser!" replied the black, who appeared very much frightened, and had scarcely ceased trembling for a moment since we had been put on what our captors had been pleased to term our trial.

"Sam what? Who does yer belong to?"

"Don't know, Marser."

"You don't know, you scoundrel! that's a likely story! Who'd you run away from, along o' this feller?" pointing to me. "Tell the truth now, you black rascal, or I'll cut your —— tongue out!"

"Fore God, Marser," cried Sam, dropping down on his knees and clasping his hands, "Ise doesn't know who my marser am, I doesn't! I works der ferry, down yar in der swamp, and dis gemman cotches me yar last night and totes me off dis morning!"

"Oho! so he did run away with you, hey? I thought as much."

"Gentlemen," said I, "permit me to ask the boy a few questions!"

"Oh, you want to give him hints, hey?"

"No, I want you to learn the truth from my questions. Put him in peril of his life, if you like, and compel him to tell the truth only. Sam," I pursued, addressing the black, "now tell all you know and you will not be harmed; but if you lie in the least, something dreadful will happen to you! When did you first see me?"

"Last night, Marser."

"Where was I?"

"Tudder side der bayou."

"Who was with me?"

"Dis gemman (pointing to Caleb,) and nudder one, and young lady."

"Where were you when you first saw us?"

"Ise jes' come ober wid der boat. Ise heerd some pusson holler ober, and Ise tink it Marser Blake, and goes ober yar."

"And who is this Blake? is he really your master?"

"Ise doesn't know nuffin who my marser am what owns me."

"Gentlemen, are we here to listen to a nigger?" interposed Captain Sebastian, with angry impatience.

"Will you, or will you not, let me put the truth before you, gentlemen?" demanded I. "What does this treatment mean? You accuse me of a heinous crime, and, when I attempt a defence, you refuse to hear. Do you want to murder me? are you thirsting for the blood of an innocent man?"

"We can't take nigger evidence!" growled one of the coarser fellows, with a furtive glance at Captain Sebastian, as if seeking his approval.

"All —— fudge!" joined in another.

"Shucks!" said a third.

"Gentlemen," observed the mild-looking, gray-haired man, whose age might have been fifty, "I do not like this! I am inclined to believe this young man is telling us the truth, and we should certainly hear him out. If he tells us what is false, we can easily discover it, and it will only be so much the worse for him. He says Miss Brandon was here a few minutes ago—that she has gone after his horse—that she and some person with her is the party that drew off a portion of our dogs and the rest of our company. This is your statement, is it, sir?"

"It is," I replied.

"This, then," pursued the gentleman, "being this young man's statement, we are in duty bound to see that it is false before we condemn him; and we shall soon know, for our friends will soon be here."

"More likely they will be drawn off into an ambuscade and murdered!" said Captain Sebastian, with a look that almost made my blood curdle.

The men started, exchanged significant glances, and then looked fiercely and menacingly at me. Why was this Captain Sebastian so eager to disprove my words, make me out a villain, and take my life? I was a stranger to him. Did he really believe me guilty? or did he assume it for a wicked purpose? It appeared to me as if there were some mystery about it, which I could not fathom. I felt my case to be critical—my very life, as it were, hanging on a thread! Though these men were in the main perhaps honest and good citizens, and some of them truly Southern gentlemen, yet they might be moved by their passions and prejudices to do a deed they would repent of when too late. Unquestionably they had been sorely tried by the bad acts of a gang of lawless men, and, being now banded together, as Lynchers, or Regulators, they were too much disposed to see guilt in strangers, found under such suspicious circumstances as Stebbins and myself. And the circumstances were suspicious, I was obliged to confess to myself—to be discovered where we were, in the tops of the trees, and accounting for a position there by a story that looked improbable at the best. I now felt most anxious for the return of Miss Brandon to prove that all was right. Should she, in following my horse, get strayed off and lost, and not be overtaken by those in pursuit—good heavens! what fearful consequences might follow to her, to me, to all concerned! The bare thought of this sent the blood to my heart, and I felt my courage being put to the severest test.

"Look! how pale he turns!" said one.

"Because he sees his —— lies went save him!" growled another.

"I am for hanging these fellows up here, where they will be an example to their vile companions!" rejoined the Captain. "There is no use wasting time here; and you know, gentlemen, we are banded together for the purpose of exterminating these outlaws, and have sworn to do it! As for mercy, that is out of the question; the only point with us is *guilt*, and I for one believe these men guilty!"

"And I."

"And I."

"And I."

There were half-a-dozen affirmative responses.

"Fetch on the ropes, Jim!" said one.

The man addressed turned to his horse, and took a couple of strong ropes from the cantel of the saddle.

"Good God!" said I; "I had better have fallen into the hands of the kidnappers from whom I rescued the young lady!"

"See here, you, now—look here now!" cried Caleb Stebbins, who was by these fearful preparations placed in a state of great excitement and alarm, with the perspiration fairly streaming down his pale, freckled face: "See here now—you aint agoing to hang us in 'arnest, be you?"

"You'll find it 'arnest enough when you stretches the rope!" growled one of the brutal fellows.

"Great ginger! thunderation! don't you du it now! or you'll be sorry for it, I tell you—that's a fact! I tell you there aint no law on this eternal 'arth for hanging a feller on suspicion! and you'll be liable to be tried for murder, every dern one of ye, I snum!"

"Maybe you'll prosecute us?" sneered one.

"This ere's a Christian country—a part of these United States of America—and you haint no right to du things agin law!" cried Stebbins, shaking his fists with fierce gesticulations.

Had matters been less serious, I should have laughed. Some of the men did as it was.

"We make the laws here, and execute them too!" sternly said one of the four gentlemen, who was evidently beginning to side against us.

"See here, you!" cried Caleb, turning to him; "I'm clean away from Down East, state of Connecticut, and my name's Stebbins—Caleb Stebbins. I never was in this derned country afore, and never will be agin, if I ever git out on't, I tell you! I come down here, with a little money, to buy me some land, if I found any to suit; and that's my business here, you know; and I want to be allowed to go about it, and not be pestered in this way! I've lost my hoss, that I gin fifty dollars for up in Tennessee, and lots of notions and things besides, and that are's enough I calculate for one go, without having my life took into the bargain. Joshua Stebbins, my grand'ther, that I'm descended from, fit in the Revolution, to gain the liberties of the Colonies and independence of the United States of America; and now you're jest using me as if I's some thief—or, wuss still, a murderer—when I haint done a dern thing but what's right; and I won't stand it—so there now—I mum to Guinea I won't! and if you're agoing to murder me—for 't'aint nothing short of that—I'm agoing to fight for't!"

With the last words, out came Caleb's two pistols, and were put forward in such a dangerous way that two or three nearest to him took a step or two back. Instantly two strong men seized him from behind, and he was thrown heavily to the ground, his arms pinioned and his weapons taken away from him.

"The rope there!" cried the Captain, fiercely; "and let us make short work with him and his fellow scoundrel! After this attempt upon our lives, there can no longer be any doubt of guilt!"

"Hold!" exclaimed the gray-haired gentleman, as it became terribly evident that we were both about to be Lynched: "I forbid any harm being done to these men till we have further evidence of their guilt!"

"By what right do you forbid it?" demanded Captain Sebastian.

"By the right of humanity, sir! You may keep them close prisoners if you choose; but you shall not hang them till Colonel Brandon, our acknowledged commander, joins us."

"And he is always for mercy, and so they will escape, to steal more girls, more horses, more negroes, burn down our houses, rob us in every way, and murder us afterward!" rejoined the Captain, chafing like a caged tiger. "You will rue this chicken-hearted philanthropy, Mr. La Grange."

"La Grange?" cried I; "the father of Ernest La Grange?"

"Yes! do you know him?"

"He was my class-mate at college! My name is Leslie Walbridge, of Philadelphia."

"Good heavens! I have heard him speak of you often!"

"Hark!" cried one of the others; "there sounds the bugle! our friends are coming. Sound our bugle, Barker, and let them know where to find us!"

We were saved. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ There were sixty-one suicides in New York during the year 1866, about twice as many as there were homicides, the number of the latter only reaching thirty-five.

☞ We have had some celebrated runners in the United States, but scarcely equal to a young Mexican, thirty-three years of age, named Ochoa, who lives at Hidalgo, in Southern Chihuahua. He has been known to beat a man on horseback for a distance of thirty miles. He has often made one hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours. A friend lately gave him five dollars to carry a letter fifty miles and bring him an answer. He did it in twenty-two hours, taking, as he thought, plenty of time, there being no great hurry. The last fifty miles he made slowly in seven hours. From this may be gained some idea of the trained courier systems of Montezuma and the Peruvian Incas.

☞ Theodore Tilton writes to the Independent that there is "more hilarity among the Western than among the Eastern people; and more than half the laughter of the country is done out West."

☞ Always loosen the check-rein before giving water to a horse. Even if the pail is held so high that the rein is not drawn tight, the position is an unnatural one in which to drink.

☞ At a small private dinner of fourteen persons in New York, recently, it is claimed there were one prince, one duke, one lord, two barons, two counts, one marquis, and one marchioness.

☞ A hungry gentleman who sits down before a pound of beefsteak, tender, juicy, and an inch thick, may not care two pins for the chemical analysis of the porter house; but after dinner he may not object to know that sixty-five per cent. of his beautiful cut was water; that nineteen per cent. will go to give him an aldermanic fleshiness; and that fourteen per cent. is assigned to warm him and make him feel comfortable on a cold night.

☞ An unknown man was found lying in the street in New York, last Wednesday morning, insensible from exposure, and a sagacious horse was removing the snow from the man's face with his nose.

☞ He that has energy enough to root out a vice should go a little further, and plant a virtue there.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1867.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

We commenced this new story by Mr. Bennett in THE POST of January 5th—the first number of the year.

To those who have read "The Phantom of the Forest" and "The White Slave, a Tale of Mexico," we need scarcely say that a story full of interest and adventure may be expected.

Those wishing to obtain the whole of this story, had better send in their subscriptions at as early a date as possible. The early numbers of the stories published this year were exhausted before the demand was satisfied, although we printed an extra edition. And we have been unable for the last month to furnish a regular series of back numbers of THE POST—owing to the entire edition of certain weeks being exhausted.

A WORD OF THANKS.

Our thanks are due to hundreds of the friends of THE POST for the recent efforts they have made in its behalf. They will be pleased to hear that we get a fine accession of subscribers with the present year.

Our business letters abound with friendly expressions. Their writers must not think we do not read them with a grateful heart, because we so seldom take public notice of them. One gentleman says, This is the 16th year I have sent on a club for THE POST. Another, an aged man, speaks of the many long years during which he has been a constant reader, and says, (we quote from memory) "I must before long pass away, but my children will still take their favorite paper." We do not think we have ever observed so many and such warm expressions of friendship for THE POST and its conductors as during the present season.

Thanks, kind friends all, and may we be able to journey on another year as pleasantly together, as we have done in the years that are past. And into the many new homes that THE POST will enter, may it ever come as a friend, whose ample budget abounds with stores of varied information and innocent enjoyment.

ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS.

This engraving is almost universally received with warm expressions of admiration. Every person of taste is charmed with it. Our letters abound with epithets of praise from those who have received it. It comes about as near pleasing everybody, as an engraving worth a dollar well could. In fact, many five dollar engravings would not be so much valued as this charming home picture.

NATURAL EVIL.

We should judge everything by its intention, nothing by its abuse; for Nature is infinitely facile in her changes, every right being infiltrated with possible wrong which may be easily developed, while the very excess of virtue often produces evil effects. For there is really no wrong element or principle in the universe, but much misdirection of right in human action, till the best conditions become perverted to the basest uses.

All God's works are full of good purposes. The laws of Nature, like the laws of man, are made for the greatest good of the whole community. But we err if we suppose that God's community contains man alone, or man and the animals only, for the trees and the rocks, the waters and all the elements are members of that grand republic, and earthquake and lightning flash, warring winds and drenching rains, necessary instruments of Government and Reform.

Our definition of evil is based on a partial conception of the whole fact, an exaltation of man and a debasing of all lesser things, which has no warrant in the operations of the universe. We nowhere find Nature acting with immediate reference to human interests, often in apparent opposition to these interests, and while we admit that she has the interest of mankind in prospective view, may it not be claimed that she has in remote prospect the interest of all things, and in a yet more remote future the destruction or change of all things? For the earth presents a constant series of changing conditions, and in the life of every organic tribe there is an early period that barely permits its existence, a middle period well adapted to its support, and a final period whose physical conditions are destructive to its powers of sustaining life. Many such races have been born, culminated, and died, since the world began, many more may, and we have no physical proof from this point of view but that man is an animal to whose life needs the conditions of nature are yet somewhat alien, but destined to reach a point of perfect adaptation, and a future point of so superior conditions that, unless his body changes and adapts itself to these conditions, he must too decline and disappear.

But there is another point of view. Physical conditions are not absolute. We may hold that every animal tribe must pass through these phases unless it possesses the ability and wisdom to change inferior conditions to suit its necessities, and to advance its organism to meet superior conditions. All things are at war. To all living creatures are given powers of enjoyment, offence, defence, and perpetuation. But the powers of animal increase are so great as soon to surpass the means of support; hence some must give way, and the rule is that the strongest shall prevail. From this principle follow the late theories of the "Struggle for Existence," and "Natural Selection." Under the operation of this law man himself often falls a victim to the meaner animals, or even becomes the prey of microscopic parasites.

The breath of a swamp may poison a city, but God will not proceed against the swamp. It is always a human St. George that slays the dragon. If Malaria be the stronger it will prevail. Thought and experience may make man the victor over Malaria. For the battle is unending, and all things have their peculiar powers. Muscular force and mobility are the chief strength of the higher animals, prolific increase that of the lower tribes, durability of germs and powerful life-retention that of vegetables, chemical

fixity that of inorganics. But of all elements of strength the highest is the intellect of man, which, were he but little more than a limbless trunk, might possibly enable him to overcome nature.

In the early development of the earth immature conditions and low types of organization were necessary. The conditions of existence had progressed to that point that they would support the animal, man, long before they had become capable of supporting the advanced intelligence, man. For the necessities and desires of the civilized being are far above those of the savage. The lower would support life where the higher would perish. Yet Nature's cycles of progress are slow and man has outstripped her, reaching a physical condition somewhat above natural means of support. This is the chief cause of physical evil and one main cause of moral evil. But Nature yields readily to intelligent direction, and man has learned how to produce natural conditions adapted to his wants, applying the lever of thought to the slow movement of natural change, forming soils, improving plants, draining pestilential swamps, purifying atmospheres, destroying noxious animals, building, breaking, adding, deducting, taking the world in his hands and moulding it as the potter moulds his clay, till it is rapidly becoming a habitation fitted to the desires of an immortal soul and the needs of a refined body.

☞ A lady correspondent writes:—"We have heard of a very beautiful hearth being made of tea leaves and sifted wood ashes; hard, durable, and highly polished, looking very much like marble. Now, can you or any of the many readers of THE POST tell me how it is done?"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE, according to St. Benjamin. Complete. Published by the American News Company, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

IDALIA—A NOVEL. By OUIDA, author of Chandos, &c. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE SAPPHIRE—A collection of entertaining Tales, Poems and Essays. Edited by EFFIE SARGENT. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

LITTLE LANES; OR, LUNACY. Founded upon Incidents in the Life of Griffith Gaunt, Esq. By C. H. WEBB. Published by Carleton, N. Y.; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

☞ A lady friend who had been out picking up holiday gifts, remarked that she ought to go at a very low figure, for she was terribly shop-worn.

☞ Mr. Goodrich originated and tested about sixteen thousand seedling potatoes, of which number not more than three or four varieties are considered very valuable.

☞ An English writer asserts that the use of tea with insufficient food leans to a craving for stimulants. He accounts in this way for the opium eating of the Chinese.

☞ Egypt has this year produced a cotton crop estimated at one hundred million dollars.

☞ A deacon who became rich in a grocery not a hundred miles from the State House in Albany, used to boast how much he had done for the cause of temperance, by mixing at least a gallon of pure water with every gallon of liquor he sold.

☞ Baldness is fashionable among certain young elegants in New York.

☞ An Indianian says that hanging seed corn in a smoke-house, and leaving it there while the meat is being smoked, will keep moles and field mice from eating it after it is planted.

☞ The abandoned infants in New York number seven a day. An exchange says the number of abandoned adults is a trifle larger.

☞ EPIGRAM.—Lord Ashburnham used to say there was poetry, piety and politeness in this epigram:—

"You who stand around my grave,
And say, 'His life is done,'
You are mistaken—*pardon me!*
My life is but begun."

☞ Upon the beautiful Island of Barbadoes there is not space enough for a picnic. It is all cultivated.

☞ A candidate in Peoria promised, if elected, to have a ship canal opened. "Then," said he, "you can load your own products on a boat at your own doors, and take them clear through to New York *without change of cars;*" which would be a great convenience—on a canal.

☞ Darwin says that it is probable, "from what we know of the embryos of mammals, birds, fishes and reptiles, that all the members in these four great classes are the modified descendants of some one ancient progenitor, which was furnished in its adult state with brain, lungs (gills), heart, a swim-bladder, four simple limbs, and a long tail fitted for an aquatic life."

☞ While a physician was working over a young lady who had fainted in the streets of Zanesville, it was found necessary to remove eleven pairs of stocking legs and one pair of hose before he could restore circulation in her pedal extremities.

☞ USEFUL TO WRITERS.—When the pen has been written with, and appears spoiled, place it over a light (a gaslight for instance) for a short time—say a quarter of a minute—then dip it in water, and it will again be in good condition to write with. Also, any new pen which is too hard to write with will become softer with being heated in the same way.

☞ A smart *mot* of a French bishop is reported by the Parisian journals. An abbé, editor of a religious paper, was indicted for having discussed political questions in the columns of the journal under his direction. The bishop of his diocese, who was in court during the trial, was invited by the Procureur General to take a seat on the bench. "No," replied he; "the place of honor to-day is by the side of the accused." The abbé was acquitted.

☞ A fellow who has seen the Black Crook in New York, says he is convinced of the folly of women spending money for so much dress, when they can render themselves so fascinating with very little.

☞ When Sheridan taught school, he had in one of his classes a boy who always read partridges for patriarchs. "Stop," exclaimed the wag of a teacher, "you shall not make game of the patriarchs."

☞ In making remittances, subscribers are requested not to send us any torn, soiled or counterfeit fractional currency.

☞ The Greek Patriarch has just been removed. All the stories about a union between the Roman and Greek Churches are false. There is not even a foundation for them.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

SWEDISH FURY—FEMALE FRIENDS—WHOLESALE KISSING—A CONJUGAL EPISODE—LEAVING FRIENDS—A PRETTY CONCERT—THE CAMPANERO—A SERENADE.

One morning when we were busy gathering up our travelling "traps" and getting in order saddles and harness gear preparatory to setting our faces towards Sorata in the afternoon, there came suddenly a stoppage to our preparations and a universal stare of stupid astonishment.

Our suave, sentimental Swedish *savan* came among us for once aroused and ridiculously wrathful, in his excitement cutting the queerest antics, and declaiming outrageously in Swedish, Dutch, French, English, Spanish, Portuguese, and the *lingua Franca* of the Andes all mixed up together in invocations, curses, complaints and maledictions, the objective party being some one or thing beyond the best guess we could make.

When the irate bug hunter had ranted until he fairly run out of breath, we all the while struck dumb, Edith, who seemed always to lay hold of all mysteries by intuition, went up to the poor fellow, who was gasping like a stranded fin back, and taking him by the hand, asked in a sisterly, sweet way:

"Won't they let you have the pretty bird, Adolph?"

"No, Miss Edith, unless I remain here with her, and how can I do that?"

"You are not going to do it!" Edith said, and would have added something more, but Firebrand Kate cut her out with—

"No, sir, that they are not. Nor are they going to keep the sweet bird from flying away where she pleases with you either, Senor Adolph! I'll fight a duel with every man in the valley first, and the women we can master, I know."

"No, our *savan* is not going to leave us," we all said very positively, getting an understanding of the difficulty. "Neither is he going to leave the lovely little Maina, if they do not wish to part."

"No, ladies and gentlemen, certainly we do not," Herr Adolph said in an earnest, solemn way. "But what can I do? I thought there would be no objections, and this morning we would have a short Duicean wedding, that would last us till we should get among Christians, where we can get a harder knot tied. But just as soon as it got out, they set up all sorts of objections, saying if Maina were to go off with me to the other side of the world and I were to die, poor Maina would have no father nor mother, brother, sister, nor home, nor nothing, and—Boo-co-hoo! I was welcome to the pretty bird if I would stay here with them. But they would never permit her to leave them, and so what am I to do?"

"Why, go and take the girl and bring her along with us of course!" Edith said.

"Yes," chirped Kate. "And we'll silence 'em. We'll all promise to be mothers and fathers, uncles, brothers, husbands, lovers, cousins, sisters and great grandmothers to the little birdie. That we will. Come, everybody—let's go now and promise. And if that won't do, we'll carry the girl off by main strength."

But there was no necessity for a resort to force. We promised everything that Kate had suggested and ten times more of our individual suggestions, and putting faith in our sincerity, the Dulceans consented to give up their lovely "Bell Bird," as our botanist's betrothed was named, her father, one of the chief men of the valley, being called *Pusarieta* (Bird) and Maina being the Quecche name of that singular bird, the *Campanero*.

So the difficulty being arranged, there was a brief marriage ceremony—"a regular short splice," Cator called it, lasting certainly not more than three minutes. But then there came an after entertainment more protracted—to us tedious and tantalizing—though I have no doubt those most interested enjoyed it—all except the new Benedict. He looked towards the last, as if warned of the ordeal before hand, he would have resigned his lovely bird rather than encounter it. But then that was not to be wondered at after we heard his confession, that until that hour no woman's lips had ever touched his since his mother imprinted her last loving kiss upon them.

It was a nuptial salutation current to some extent, I think, in all countries, but usually confined to the kissing of the bride by a few privileged friends. Here the liberty was extended to all, and the groom as well as the bride came in for the *fairer* share of kisses, inasmuch as the Dulceans were believers in the fitness of things, and while the beautiful Bird bride fell to the lords of the valley, our savan, who in his thirty-eighth year had never been profaned by woman's lip since receiving the last kiss of his sainted mother, fell under female fire exclusively, and so vigorous were the embraces and rapid the succession of salutes, that half through the ordeal, Herr Adolph was as nearly exhausted and breathless as he had been by his ranting fit.

Harry White and Cator both magnanimously offered themselves as substitutes, being more accustomed to stand female fire of that kind; but the Dulcean dames and pretty Senoritas were not to be put off in that way. They were going to carry out to the letter "the custom of the country," and they did, hugging and kissing the happy, unlucky husband, through three generations at least, from the shrivelled, tottering old grandame, down to the rosy-lipped little fairy of twelve years.

Edith and our Neapolitan beauty, in an excess of benevolence, offered to share the infliction with the bride, and did actually intercept a dozen or so of the handsomest young fellows in the whole flock. Kate was in ecstasies, and said to her husband:

"Barney, darling, let's get married again this morning."

"What's the sense of the wedding, my jewel? If it's kisses you're wanting, Kate, why I say leave off the wedding part. Then, don't ye see, honey, we can just take our choice and kiss the fresh, sweet lips, leaving on the left all the ugly old hags and dried eel skins?"

"O bother, Barney! Will ye never be better?"

"Yes, I will, darling, when I'm a baron with a white head and Baroness Kate O'Harra a toothless old grandmother. Then Barney'll leave the girls alone, and Kate, honey, you'll not be wanting to get married over again for the sake of the kisses every time you see a couple of pair of lips coming together."

The ordeal over and impromptu wedding consummated, there was a bridal and farewell feast as hurriedly got together and arranged as our introductory dinner had been, and though less *recherche* than a fashionable French dinner, profusion, variety and capital cooking made amends for any lack of polish in either people or repast.

Dinner disposed of, and hands shaken, and farewells made all round, we went to saddle about the middle of the afternoon, our botanist and his beautiful Bell Bird bearing away the blessings of a thousand warm-hearted friends, and better than that, more gold considerably than was convenient of carriage that had been bestowed upon the bride, partly by her parents and relatives, as her marriage portion—more, the gift of many friends and acquaintances, as bridal presents.

We had left behind us the inhabited territory, and entered the forest that at this point extended from the centre of the valley to the eastern base of Mount Sorata, rising gradually with a uniform, undulating surface over a breadth of some twelve leagues, beginning to make the great fire mountain. Several times within the first half hour after entering the forest, low, indistinct sounds having deep, silvery intonations, like the tolling a far-off of a fine toned bell, attracted our attention, and called forth casual brief remarks; and once Doctor Bond and myself, who happened to be riding near, heard our newly-married naturalist remark to his bride:

"My dear, there are your pretty sisters—the fairy Bell Birds."

"*Si marida mio,*" Maina replied, with a pretty blush and loving glance; and upon the doctor's making the inquiry what the Bell Birds were, Herr Adolph replied:

"We shall show you pretty soon. They will come nearer as we ride further into the woods. I have seen them often in the forests of Guiana; but I had no idea they were to be found anywhere south of the Amazon until Maina informed me that they are numerous in all the forests north of the valley, and eastward to the Geral Range."

There was no necessity that our naturalist should inconvenience himself to act as showman, the birds, as we went on further into the forest seemed ambitious of being seen as well as heard, and flitting to and fro at a respectable distance, they came to fluttering so close that their beautiful wings in some instances brushed our faces, several attempted to alight upon our shoulders, a dozen at one time hovered above Maina's head, and at length one superb beauty actually perched upon her hand and pluming itself, sat there quite at home, tolling in soft, metallic silvery cadence its singular notes. Senora Monteiro, who just a little superstitious, and sweetly sentimental, remarking the beautiful birds fluttering and hovering about the bride, declared they were Andean angels gathering to welcome to the wild wood their lovely Bell Bird sister. It was a pretty fancy certainly; but Herr Adolph, who ought not to have done it, totally destroyed the romance by transferring the bright yellow poncho that covered the person of Maina to the shoulders of Edith Bond, and lo, our Baltimore beauty became the favorite of our feathered bell ringers. Covering Harry White with the poncho, the birds at once fell in love with him. And so they followed the fascinating fellow until finally the mantle fell upon the broad shoulders of a stalwart native African, black as the essence of ink, when altogether and instantly the birds set up such a jangling clang as if five hundred steam-boiler riveters had been all pelting away in concert at their noisy avocation within ten yards of our ears. Having frightened our horses and fairly deafened us, the birds flew away in a furious passion seemingly, until *Shieko* being divested of the yellow poncho which was resumed by Maina, they came back to us again pacified and as friendly as before.

The Bell bird, or as the South American Spaniards call it, the *Campanero*, is in form and size like the ring-dove, though the tail and wings are an inch longer, and the head considerably larger. The color is a clear, spotless white, brilliant and glistening as the virgin snow wreath in the vivid sunlight. The strange metallic notes, so exactly like the tolling of a far-off bell, are not properly vocal, but come from a sort of spiral tube about three and a half inches long, three-quarters of an inch in diameter at the base, and diminishing to half that size at the top. This queer tube rises from the top of the head, having a passage beneath down through the skull into the lungs. The tube is a jet black, covered with fine, soft down, beautifully flecked with white. The bird can inflate and erect the tube at its pleasure, and when not tolling it hangs dangling down limp and placid. By inflating the lungs, which are of extraordinary capacity for so small a bird, and then forcing the air out through the tube, a great number of thin, membraneous valves in the interior of the spiral horn are set to vibrating rapidly, thus producing the sonorous tolling sound.

The Campanero rarely tolls while in flight, but he is capable of doing so, and most vehemently too, as their outrageous din of disapprobation of Shieko's wearing their favorite yellow, had given us unmistakable evidence. But it is alone, away from human observation, deep in the recesses of the dim old forests, that the Campanero exhibits his most wonderful powers. There in some secure perch, beyond the possible invasion of the marauding monkey, the Bell bird sits for hours, pouring forth with all its might of lungs its loudest notes, replied to by scores of ambitious rivals, the clear, metallic notes swelling in volume and cadence until the dark recesses of the forest ring and echo their cathedral tones like the vast arches of St. Peter's flinging back from their groined roofs the mighty, many-voiced anthem.

On a still, quiet evening, the bell tones of a single Campanero can be distinctly heard at the distance of more than a league. Judge then of the music of our evening serenade, when as we lighted our fires and prepared for our forest bivouac, not one less than a thousand Bell birds tolled and clanged all around us—hundreds of monkeys chattered, parrots and paroquets in legions squalled and squawked, sneaking black wolves snapped and snarled, tigers howled, millions of great dusky bats twittered, Pumas raced, dogs barked, ichneumons piped shrill, Cator cursed, Harry hurrahed, O'Harra sung:—"Och, sure was ye iver at Donnybrook Fair?" And thus we gathered around our coffee, *carne frita*, roasted plantains, and *chiquirs*, in the midst of such a beastly Pandemonium that chaos were order to it.

☞ A California wife, in San Francisco, writes thusly to her husband in the interior—"Dear Sir: It may be proper, and perhaps my duty, to inform you that about two months ago I succeeded in getting my divorce from you, and also that I have since married again. You may continue your monthly remittances, as I may need them for your three children."

Notices of the Saturday Evening Post.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This is one of the oldest and best weekly papers in the Union. It is a first class Literary paper, designed both to instruct and to amuse, as thousands of its readers will testify. THE POST is a large quarto, filled with the choicest reading, neatly printed, the pages surrounded by a chaste border, and making just the style, form and size for binding.—*Home Journal, Gardner, Maine.*

THE EVENING POST, perhaps the oldest literary journal in America, is not excelled by any. Its reputation for a pure and elevating literature has suffered no abatement, and for family reading it has few if any equals.—*Lock Haven Republican.*

IT is the oldest and the best literary weekly published in this country, and we are glad to know has always received a patronage commensurate with its deserts.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—Among all our exchanges there is no paper devoted to general subjects of family interest, which, in our opinion, ranks higher than this. Parents who are desirous of cultivating in their children a taste for reading, may subscribe for the paper without fear that in its columns there are any sentiments that are not in the largest degree promotive of health, happiness and virtue. We are not of those who disbelieve in the uses and beneficial results of fictitious reading, but just to the degree that we have confidence in story-telling, are we disgusted with the nonsensical and miserable trash that is so extensively afloat. The editors of the POST, however, are careful in the selection of all the tales which are printed in their paper, and they find their reward in the extensive circulation of their journal, and the great satisfaction they give to their readers.—*Times, (Delaware County, Ind.)*

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST sustains the reputation of being one of the best family papers published in the country. It is not a sensation weekly, of the highfalutin style, but one of those substantial and highly interesting papers that exert a healthy and commendable influence in the community where it is taken.—*Plattsburg (N. Y.) Sentinel.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is one of the most favorite of our exchanges; it is a paper of a most exemplary, instructive and entertaining character. You will find in it neither slang nor scandal—which too many weeklies indulge in—but you will find Stories of interest, Witticisms of the choicest kind, Poetry both original and selected.—*Rochelle (N. Y.) Pioneer.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—Among the few weekly literary papers published in the States which we can conscientiously recommend, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia, stands pre-eminent.—*Canadian Post.*

Danger of a Fast Horse.

The Rural New-Yorker states the following case, to enforce some sensible advice to farmers, suggested, we presume, by the "display of horses" which is fast becoming the most attractive feature of our agricultural shows:

A well-to-do farmer of our acquaintance had the misfortune to rear a really fine, fast horse. The action of the animal gave him great delight, and nothing would do but an exhibition of him among the professionals. He put up his money and won. This gave a higher flight to his ambition, and induced a bolder operation. Success again rewarded his venture. He neglected his farm, imperceptibly acquired habits to which he had before been a stranger, and spurred on by past success and the machinations of the crafty, whose aim it is to fleece the green and unwary, placed his farm in jeopardy for the purpose of raising money to stake on the result of a race on which his pet horse was to contend for the prize and the mastery. The professionals had now got the over-confident farmer in the precise position desired, and the result was what they intended it should be, the defeat of the farmer's horse and the ruin of his owner. The animal changed hands and so did the farm. It was all down-hill with the farmer after this. His family was broken up and dispersed, while he, reckless and maddened by disappointment and remorse, found a premature grave.

☞ The Scientific American thinks we ought to say *photogram* instead of *photograph*, for the same reason that we use the word telegram instead of telegraph, when speaking of a despatch.

☞ THE OLD AND THE NEW LOVE.—A lady visited Petersburgh, recently, for the purpose of purchasing her wedding trousseau, and while there also purchased a tombstone to be placed over the grave of her late husband.

☞ An old lady in the country, at the time of wooden nutmegs, declared that she did not find fault when the article was made of sassafras wood, but when white oak was substituted, she would not buy them.

☞ There is a Shaker settlement at New Gloucester, Me., composed of two "families," and possessing 1,500 acres of land. The Shaker settlements in the United States number 18, comprising 18,000 persons.

☞ A telegram from London, England, transmitted by the Atlantic cable, was received in Richmond, Va., through the New York Associated Press, last Tuesday, in ninety minutes from the time it left London.

☞ SLANDER.—Slander is more accumulative than a snowball. It is like a salad, which every one will season to his own taste, or the taste of those to whom he offers it.

☞ A little boy in Bracken county, Ky., was recently fascinated by three large black snakes. He visited their haunt every day, and when his father killed them pined away and died.

☞ A physician in Richmond, Va., says that rubbing with kerosene will cure the rheumatism.

☞ "A CLERGYMAN'S CHARACTER.—A young lady writes from San Francisco her experiences of the preaching of one of the fashionable clergymen of that city, which are worth reproduction. She says: "I went to hear him preach last Sunday night. He is certainly one of the best elocutionists on this coast. And such gestures! they are so graceful. He is said to live finely; keeps seven fine horses! But who would keep slow and poky ones, I should like to know, if they were able to afford better?"

☞ Hall's Journal of Health expresses the opinion that buckwheat cakes contain more nourishment for less money than any other food.

☞ Miss Fowler, of Alton, Ill., poured oil of peppermint in her ear because it ached, and died.

☞ THE "GROUND FLOOR" NOT REACHED.—Excellent authority maintains that the true petroleum basin has not yet been reached by any of the wells—that it lies directly under the sixth sandstone, at a depth varying from five hundred to two thousand five hundred feet.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

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The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts.

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DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

WINTER SERENADE.

Oh! ask me dot to blow by dose,
By charbidg one, by owd;
You bay dot know de baid I feel,
It dever oad be dode!
Oh! bight we fly to other zodes,
Or dwell id yonder star;
Oh, thed, by lovely baid, id bliss
I'd strike by light catarrh!

The wid that blows across de boor,
Had it a dose to blow,
Wid such a cold as I bab got,
Ah! would it blow it? Doe!
But see, the rays of subbing dawd
Are gleabidg od the dew:
I hear the berry bugle bord,
By baiden fair—AT CHEW!

☞ Euclid, a disciple of Socrates, having offended his brother, the latter cried out, in a rage, "Let me die if I am not revenged on you some time or other." Euclid replied, "And let me die if I do not soften you by my kindness, and make you love me as well as ever."

☞ Those who have paid much attention to that subject, and are experienced in the matter, say there is as much significance in kissing as there is in shaking hands. It is said that a kiss on the forehead indicates admiration and respect; on the cheek, beauty; on the nose, that the kissing is awkward; on the hand, coldness; on the lips, love; on the chin, foolishness. A short one indicates fear and an appreciation of "Paradise Lost." A long one, square on the mouth, indicates devotion and a huge appreciation of "Paradise Regained."

☞ A well dressed woman need not be necessarily expensively dressed. It is the style and fashion, not the mere material, that makes elegance of attire.

☞ When a dog gets his head fastened in a fence, it is unsafe to extricate him, unless you enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance.

☞ "Very good, but rather too pointed," as the codfish said when it swallowed the bait.

☞ An illiterate character has originated the following conundrum: "What is the difference between Ag, the Canaanite, and a certain learned professor? The Canaanite was Ag as was, the professor Ag-as-is."

☞ A thief was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars, when a policeman came up and hit him with a stave. Several notes were found upon him.

☞ If two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

☞ In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she's all ribs from her bust to the rim of her petticoats—to say nothing of the rib-bons.

☞ An English Judge, in charging a jury in a railway case, said he thought that the blowing of tobacco smoke in the face of a fellow railroad passenger might be considered an assault.

☞ The man who wanted the wings of a bird attained his desire by going on a lark.

☞ An old hotel-keeper in Washington, once posted on his dining-room door the following notice:—"Members of Congress will go to the table first, and then the gentlemen. Rowdies and blackguards must not mix with the Congressmen, as it is hard to tell one from the other."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"THE OLDEST AND BEST OF THE WEEKLIES."

GEMS OF NATIVE AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

Stories, Sketches, Essays,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources.

We commenced in the first number of January a new story called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A Tale of the South-West,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

whose stories of "THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST" and "THE WHITE SLAVE, A TALE OF MEXICO," were so eagerly read in our paper during the past year. This and other SERIAL STORIES—now on hand, or stipulated for—with shorter stories from

OUR HOST OF OLD CONTRIBUTORS,

will present a Feast of Good Things for the coming year.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR, SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

In addition to the SEWING MACHINE which we have offered for four years past, to the great advantage of hundreds of our subscribers, we now offer SILVER PLATED TEA SETS, and TEA and TABLE SPOONS, &c., GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, ALLEN'S and SPENCER'S RIFLES, MELODEONS, CLOTHES' WRINGERS, APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA, &c., as follows:

No. 1.	For 4 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Propeller Pencil, gold mounted, worth	$3.00
" 2.	For 6	"	2.50	"	a dozen Silver Plated Teaspoons, worth 7.00
					or half dozen Silver Plated Tablespoons, worth 7.00
					or half dozen Silver Plated Forks, worth 7.00
					or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth 10.00
					or a Silver Plated Castor, worth 10.00
No. 3.	For 10	subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—a Silver Plated Cake Basket, worth	12.00
					or a Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, worth 12.00
" 4.	For 12	"	2.50	"	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth 14.00
" 5.	For 16	"	2.50	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth 20.00
" 6.	For 20	"	2.50	"	a Fine Double Barrel Gun, worth 25.00
" 7.	For 24	"	2.50	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth 30.00
" 8.	For 30	"	2.50	"	an Allen's Patent Breech Loading Rifle, worth 35.00
" 9.	For 30	"	2.50	"	a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth 65.00
" 10.	For 40	"	2.50	"	a Silver Plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth 50.00
" 11.	For 50	"	2.50	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth 75.00
" 12.	For 60	"	2.50	"	Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth 80.00
" 13.	For 70	"	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (4 octaves) worth 90.00
" 14.	For 75	"	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (5 octaves) worth 110.00
" 15.	For 75	"	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Parlor Organs (4 octaves), worth 110.00
" 16.	For 200	"	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Church Organ Harmoniums (5 octaves), worth 200.00
" 17.	For 40	"	2.50	"	one of Spencer's Repeating Rifles, with Globe and Peep sight, &c., 65.00

REMARKS.

Everything offered in the above list is guaranteed to be the best of its kind for the price. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this, the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for The Post exclusively, or for The Lady's Friend exclusively, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired.

☞ REMEMBER—each subscriber is to receive, *in addition to his magazine or paper*, a copy of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engraving, "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

The Canvasser for a Premium list would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of the Premium Engraving. He can get these, either by subscribing for the paper or magazine for a year, or by inclosing us *one dollar*, for which sum we will send a copy of all three to those desirous of making up lists, but to those only. The magazine and paper, without the engraving, will be sent for twenty cents.

Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The Freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines and engravings at once.

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The Universal Clothes Wringer is, we think, the best of its kind. We have it in constant use ourselves, and no family should be without it. It saves work, preserves the clothes, and can be readily adjusted upon any form of tub. We offer the family size, provided with *Cogs*, which make the rollers turn together, and which we consider essential to prevent injury to the fabrics, loosening of the rubber, &c.

No. 3. The Silver Plated Cake Basket and Ice Pitcher, are excellent goods and pretty patterns. The Cake Basket may be ordered round or oval, as desired.

No. 4. This Washing Machine is very highly recommended by those who have used it.

No. 5. This is a Silver Lever Watch in a hunting (or closed) case, with good works.

No. 6. Is a Twist Double Barrel Gun, Patent Breech, finely finished—an excellent article.

No. 7. Is also a Silver Lever Watch with a hunting case, and a finer finished article than No. 5.

No. 8. Is Allen's Patent, *Breech Loading* Rifle—large bore. One of the best of the breech-loaders.

No. 9. Is the Wheeler & Wilson No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as we have offered for the last four years. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted.

No. 10. There are *six* pieces in this set. A *Coffee-Pot, two Tea-Pots, a Creamer, Sugar* and *Slop Bowls*. Silver Plated on the best White Metal, they have all the beauty of solid silver, and are now used in the very best families. The pattern is a beautiful one; and altogether this is a most desirable Premium. The set will be boxed carefully, and shipped from the manufacturer by railroad or express, as desired.

No. 11. This is a Lady's Fine Gold Lever Watch—in a hunting (or closed) case, beautifully enamelled, and with excellent works. A splendid Premium, to be obtained by a little exertion. A school might make up a list, and get a Silver or Gold Watch as a Christmas or New Year's present for the teacher.

No. 12. Appleton's New American Cyclopædia—embodying the latest and most reliable information upon about twenty-five thousand different subjects. Sixteen large volumes, of seven hundred and fifty pages each. A splendid present for a Teacher or a Minister, from a School or Congregation.

Nos. 13 and 14. Carhart & Needham's 4 octave and 5 octave Melodeons, in beautiful Rosewood cases; scroll leg, portable style.

No. 15. Carhart & Needham's Parlor Organ, 4 octaves, Single Reed, Black Walnut case, oil finish.

No. 16. Carhart & Needham's Church Organ Harmoniums, in Black Walnut cases, oil finish. Five octaves. Three Sets of Reeds, and Seven Stops.

No. 17. This Rifle is the famous Seven Shooter used during the War. See full description of it in THE POST of December 1st.

The Melodeons, Organs, and Harmoniums could easily be obtained by the members of a Day-School, Sunday-School, or Church. Their value we need not dwell upon. As to their quality, the manufacturers, Carhart & Needham, Nos. 97, 99 and 101 East Twenty-Third Street, New York city, would be pleased to answer all letters in reference thereto, and furnish satisfactory evidence.

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☞ A society of smokers was formed at Berlin, two years ago, the members of which agreed to preserve all the points of their cigars, instead of biting them off and throwing them away. The money procured by the sale of these bits is applied to the maintenance and education of orphan children, and twenty-two are now supported by it.

☞ The longest English sentences are believed to be: The British Enlistment act, 600 words; and three in Choate's Eulogy on Webster, containing 520, 532 and 538 words, respectively.

☞ It is said that when a crew of Chinese pirates get out of provisions they salt their own junk and eat that.

☞ "What's my chances, doctor?" "Not worth speaking of." "One in twenty?" "Oh, no." "In thirty?" "No." "Fifty?" "I think not." "A hundred?" "Well, perhaps, there may be one in a hundred." "I say, then, doctor," pulling him close down, and whispering with feeble earnestness in his ear, "just go in like all thunder on that one chance." The doctor "went in," and the patient recovered.

☞ A bookseller in Paris being asked for a copy of the French Constitution, replied, "Sir, I keep no periodicals."

☞ "Look well before you leap," is very good advice in its way; but how can sickly-looking people follow it?

LILIES.

She came in the dewy dawning,
Where a little brooklet ran,
With the blue sky for an awning
And a white flower for a fan.

Spring-light was on the meadows,
Spring-light was in her eyes,
And she saw in the stream the shadows
Of the lilies fall and rise.

The stream rolled to the river,
And the river rolled to the sea,
And the years that roll for ever
Bore the maiden away from me.

But I bless the Heaven that sent her,
Though spring has taken its flight,
And summer changed into winter,
And all my day into night.

And I often dream of the valleys
Long ago, and the sweet spring-tide,
And the little stream and the lilies,
And the maiden that stood beside.

H. B. HAWES.

A Sermon on Good Health.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

One of our recent writers has said that "good health is physical religion;" and it is a saying worthy to be printed in golden letters. But good health being physical religion, it fully shares that indifference with which the human race regards things confessedly the most important. The neglect of the soul is the trite theme of all religious teachers; and, next to their souls, there is nothing that people neglect so much as their bodies. Every person ought to be perfectly healthy, just as everybody ought to be perfectly religious; but, in point of fact, the greater part of mankind are so far from perfect moral or physical religion that they cannot even form a conception of the blessing beyond them.

Perfect health supposes not a state of mere quiescence, but of positive enjoyment in living. See that little fellow, as his nurse turns him out in the morning, fresh from his bath, his hair newly curled and his cheeks polished like apples. Every step is a spring or a dance; he runs, he laughs, he shouts, his face breaks into a thousand dimpling smiles at a word. His breakfast of plain bread and milk is swallowed with an eager and incredible delight—it is so *good* that he stops to laugh or thump the table now and then in expression of his ecstacy. All day long he runs and frisks and plays; and when at night the little head seeks the pillow, down go the eye-curtains, and sleep comes without a dream. In the morning his first note is a laugh and a crow, as he sits up in his crib and tries to pull papa's eyes open with his fat fingers. He is an embodied joy—he is sunshine and music and laughter for all the house. With what a magnificent generosity does the Author of life endow a little mortal pilgrim in giving him at the outset of his career such a body as this! How miserable it is to look forward twenty years, when the same child, now grown a man, wakes in the morning with a dull, heavy head, the consequence of smoking and studying till twelve or one the night before; when he rises languidly to a late breakfast, and turns from this, and tries that—wants a devilled bone, or a cutlet with Worcestershire sauce, to make eating possible; and then, with slow and plodding steps, finds his way to his office and his books. Verily the shades of the prison-house gather round the growing boy; for surely no one will deny that life often begins with health little less perfect than that of the angels.

But the man who habitually wakes sodden, headachy, and a little stupid, and who needs a cup of strong coffee and various stimulating condiments to coax his bodily system into something like fair working order, does not suppose he is out of health. He says, "Very well, I thank you," to your inquiries, merely because he has entirely forgotten what good health is. He is well, not because of any particular pleasure in physical existence, but well simply because he is not a subject for prescriptions. Yet there is no store of vitality, no buoyancy, no superabundant vigor to resist the strain and pressure to which life puts him. A checked perspiration, a draught of air ill-timed, a crisis of perplexing business or care, and he is down with a bilious attack or an influenza, and subject to doctors' orders for an indefinite period. And if the case be so with men, how is it with women? How many women have at maturity the keen appetite, the joyous love of life and motion, the elasticity and sense of physical delight in existence, that little children have? How many have any superabundance of vitality with which to meet the wear and strain of life? And yet they call themselves well.

But is it possible, in maturity, to have the joyful fulness of the life of childhood? Experience has shown that the delicious freshness of this dawning hour may be preserved even to mid-day, and may be brought back and restored after it has been for years a stranger. Nature, though a severe disciplinarian, is still, in many respects, most patient and easy to be entreated, and meets any repentant movement of her prodigal children with wonderful condescension. Take Bulwer's account of the first few weeks of his sojourn at Malvern, and you will read, in very elegant English, the story of an experience of pleasure which has surprised and delighted many a patient at a water-cure. The return to the great primitive elements of health—water, air, and simple food, with a regular system of exercise—has brought to many a jaded, weary, worn-down human being the elastic spirits, the simple, eager appetite, the sound sleep of a little child. Hence, the rude huts and chalets of the peasant Priessnitz were crowded with battered dukes and princesses, and notables of every degree, who came from the hot, enervating luxury which had drained them of existence to find a keener pleasure in peasants' bread under peasants' roofs than in soft raiment and palaces. No arts of French cookery can possibly make anything taste so well to a feeble and palled appetite as plain brown bread and milk taste to a hungry water-cure patient, fresh from bath and exercise.

If the water-cure had done nothing more than establish the fact that the glow and joyousness of early life are things which may be restored after having been once wasted, it would have done a good work. Nor if Nature is so forgiving to those who have once lost or have squandered her treasures, what may not be hoped for us if we can learn the art of never losing the first health of childhood? And though with us, who have passed to maturity, it may be too late for the blessing, cannot something be done for the children who are yet to come after us?

Why is the first health of childhood lost? Is it not the answer, that childhood is the only period of life in which bodily health is made a prominent object? Take our pretty boy, with cheeks like apples, who started in life with a hop, skip, and dance—to whom laughter was like breathing, and who was enraptured with plain bread and milk—how did he grow into the man who wakes so languid and dull, who wants strong coffee and Worcestershire sauce to make his breakfast go down? When and where did he drop the invaluable talisman that once made everything look brighter and taste better to him, however rude and simple, than now do the most elaborate combinations? What is the boy's history? Why, for the first seven years of his life his body is made of some account. It is watched, cared for, dieted, disciplined, fed with fresh air, and left to grow and develope like a thrifty plant. But from the time school education begins, the body is steadily ignored, and left to take care of itself.

The boy is made to sit six hours a day in a close, hot room, breathing impure air, putting the brain and the nervous system upon a constant strain, while the muscular system is repressed to an unnatural quiet. During the six hours, perhaps twenty minutes are allowed for all that play of the muscles which, up to this time, has been the constant habit of his life. After this he is sent home with books, slate and lessons to occupy an hour or two more in preparing for the next day. In the whole of this time there is no kind of effort to train the physical system by appropriate exercise. Something of the sort was attempted years ago in the infant schools, but soon given up; and now, from the time study first begins, the muscles are ignored in all primary schools. One of the first results is the loss of that animal vigor which formerly made the boy love motion for its own sake. Even in his leisure hours he no longer leaps and runs as he used to; he learns to sit still, and by-and-by sitting and lounging come to be the habit, and vigorous motion the exception, for most of the hours of the day. The education thus begun goes on from primary to high school, from high school to college, from college through professional studies of law, medicine, or theology, with this steady contempt for the body, with no provision for its culture, training or development, but rather a direct and evident provision for its deterioration and decay.

The want of suitable ventilation in school-rooms, recitation-rooms, lecture-rooms, offices, court-rooms, conference-rooms, and vestries, where young students of law, medicine, and theology acquire their earlier practice, is something simply appalling. Of itself it would answer for men the question, why so many thousand glad, active children come to a middle life without joy—a life whose best estate is a sort of slow, plodding endurance. The despite and hatred which most men seem to feel for God's gift of fresh air, and their resolution to breathe as little of it as possible, could only come from a long course of education, in which they have been accustomed to live without it. Let any one notice the conduct of our American people travelling in railroad cars. We will suppose that about half of them are what might be called well-educated people, who have learned in books, or otherwise, that the air breathed from the lungs is laden with impurities—that it is noxious and poisonous; and yet, travel with these people half a day, and you would suppose from their actions that they considered the external air as a poison created expressly to injure them, and that the only course of safety lay in keeping the cars hermetically sealed, and breathing over and over the vapor from each others' lungs. If a person in despair at the intolerable foulness raises a window, what frowns from all the neighboring seats, especially from great rough-coated men, who always seem the first to be apprehensive! The request to "put down that window" is almost sure to follow a moment or two of fresh air. In vain have rows of ventilators been put in the tops of some of the cars, for conductors and passengers are both of one mind, that these ventilators are inlets of danger, and must be kept carefully closed.

Railroad travelling in America is systematically, and one would think carefully, arranged so as to violate every possible law of health. The old rule to keep the head cool and the feet warm is precisely reversed. A red-hot stove heats the upper stratum of air to oppression, while a stream of cold air is constantly circulating about the lower extremities. The most indigestible and unhealthy substances conceivable are generally sold in the cars or at way-stations for the confusion and distress of the stomach. Rarely can a traveller obtain so innocent a thing as a plain good sandwich of bread and meat, while pie, cake, doughnuts, and all other culinary atrocities, are almost forced upon him at every stopping-place. In France, England, and Germany the railroad cars are perfectly ventilated; the feet are kept warm by flat cases filled with hot water and covered with carpet, and answering the double purpose of warming the feet and diffusing an agreeable temperature through the car, without burning away the vitality of the air; while the arrangements at the refreshment rooms provide for the passenger as wholesome and well-served a meal of healthy, nutritious food as could be obtained in any home circle.

What are we to infer concerning the home habits of a nation of men who so resignedly allow their bodies to be poisoned and maltreated in travelling over such an extent of territory as is covered by our railroad lines? Does it not show that foul air and improper food are too much matters of course to excite attention? As a writer in the Nation has lately remarked, it is simply and only because the American nation like to have unventilated cars, and to be fed on pie and coffee at stopping places, that nothing better is known to our travellers; if there were any marked dislike of such a state of things on the part of the people, it would not exist. We have wealth enough, and enterprize enough, and ingenuity enough, in our American nation, to compass with wonderful rapidity any end that really seems to us desirable. An army was improvised when an army was wanted—and an army more perfectly equipped, more bountifully fed, than so great a body of men ever was before. Hospitals, Sanitary Commissions, and Christian Commissions, all arose out of the simple conviction of the American people that they must arise. If the American people were equally convinced that foul air was a poison—that to have cold feet and hot heads was to invite an attack of illness—that maple-sugar, popcorn, peppermint candy, pie, doughnuts and peanuts are not diet for reasonable beings—they would have railroad accommodations very different from those now in existence.

Can You Forgive Him?

MY DEAR MRS. GRUNDY.—I am a young bachelor, and have a handsome face and figure, and (what some people may think of vastly more importance) a handsome fortune also. It is not very surprising therefore that the pleasure of my company is pretty frequently requested by ladies who have daughters of a marriageable age. There is a fable, I believe, about the Heir and many friends. For myself, I find my friends (so at least they please to call themselves) have daily been increasing since I came into my property; and none of them appear more anxious to maintain their friendly footing in my house than the ladies I have mentioned, who have daughters to provide for. To these good people it appears to be a matter of astonishment that I have not a wife. If my ears were only long enough I should doubtless hear them whispering their wonder at my wretchedness. "So fine a property, my dear, and so fine a person too, it is really most surprising our young friend is still a bachelor." But the fact is, my dear Madam, my wild oats are not all sown; and I have no wish to be a slave of the ring just at present. That there are pleasures in a married life I don't mean to deny; but allow me to observe, that there are pleasures in a single one. You see, one has at least the pleasure to do just what one pleases; and husbands as a rule are seldom left at liberty to do the things they like. If one stays out a bit late, one has no fear of being lectured for it; and though a sweetly smiling face undoubtedly is pleasant to behold on coming home, there are few things more unpleasant than to see a sour or sulky one. Besides, a wife is certainly a most expensive luxury, and costs more than a yacht, say, or a couple of good hunters. My pocket, is is true, is tolerably well furnished; but there are many little comforts, which, I fear, if I were married, I should, for prudence sake, find it were needful to deny myself. Cigars that cost a shilling each are vastly pleasant smoking; but a married man is hardly justified, I fancy, in consuming very many of them. Besides, most women hate smoke, although they may not like to say so (at least while they are single;) and how can I be sure that, when I wanted half a whiff, my devoted little wife would not act as a tobacco-stopper.

But the thing that most deters me from committing social suicide, and bringing to a close my bachelor existence, is the difficulty that I feel in knowing something of the girl with whom my life is to be linked, before I pop the fatal question. Except on very rare occasions, young fellows such as I am can only hope to meet young ladies at a party or a pic-nic, when they are pretty sure to be in their best dresses and best tempers and demeanors. Now, the social treadmill often claims me for a turn, but one cannot spend one's life in going out to parties; and before I make an offer, I should like to see how Agnes looks on her off-nights, and whether she is very yellow in the morning. I want to see her in her sulks a bit, as well as in her silks, and to find out if her temper be as equable at home as when she is out visiting. Living chiefly at a club, as I am privileged to do, I am unable to make these needful observations, and I have no kind female friend on whom I can rely to go and make them for me. When I am staying at a house where there are marriageable daughters, they are on their good behavior from breakfast until bed-time, and I rarely get a chance of seeing what their real habits are. If mammas would only let their daughters be more natural, and less formal and constrained by what is termed good breeding, a young fellow such as I am, would more easily be smitten by them. I would willingly forego half the parties I get cards for, if people would allow me to take them in the rough, and, without a formal bidding, to look in when I liked. Only, if I chanced unluckily to call some day when Agnes was in a dowdy dress, or had her temper slightly ruffled, I fear, when my knock came she would not be "at home" to me.

As a wife is chiefly wanted for domestic purposes, it is surely a mistake that men should only be allowed to inspect their future helpmates when they are least domestic. Girls gorgeous in a ball-room are quite other creatures from girls dowdy a in breakfast-room, and with their back-hair badly brushed. A partner for life should not be chosen lightly, like a partner for a polka. The qualities one most desires to see united in a wife are by no means what one looks for in a girl one wants a waltz with. Let me see how Agnes behaves herself at home in the bosom of her family, before I ask her leave to take her to my own manly breast. Depend on it, dear madam, could young men only see young ladies in the daytime, while doing their home duties, and not pranked out for a party, there would be far more happy marriages and far fewer of those unhappy ones, wherein proposals made in ball-rooms so frequently result.

Pray then, my dear lady, do put forth your utmost influence to encourage homely visits for the purposes of love-making; and meanwhile pray believe me, your most devoted servant, but no slave yet of the ring.

CROESUS NARCISSUS COLEBS SOLON SMITH.

"Go On, Sir, Go On."

Arago says, in his "Autobiography," that his master in mathematics was a word or two of advice which he found in the binding of one of his text-books. Puzzled and discouraged by the difficulties he met with in his early studies, he was almost ready to give over the pursuit. Some words which he found on the waste leaf used to stiffen the cover of his paper-bound text-book caught his eye and interested him.

"Impelled," he says, "by an indefinable curiosity, I dampened the cover of the book and carefully unrolled the leaf to see what was on the other side. It proved to be a letter from D'Alembert to a young person disheartened, like myself, by the difficulties of mathematical study, and who had written to him for counsel.

"'Go on, sir, go on,' was the counsel which D'Alembert gave him. 'The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn and shine with increasing clearness on your path.'

"That maxim," said Arago, "was my greatest master in mathematics." Following out the simple words, "Go on, sir, go on," made him the first astronomical mathematician of his age.

☞ A man in Brooklyn advertises: "Wanted a boarding-place, where the terms are not 'moderate,' and where none of the 'comforts of a home' are guaranteed, and 'in a pious family *not* preferred.'"

☞ Wesley says, "Condemn no man because he does not think as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself."

WANTED, A MINISTER'S WIFE.

At length we have settled a pastor;
  I am sure I cannot tell why
The people should grow so restless,
  Or candidates grow so shy;
But after two years' searching
  For the "smartest" man in the land,
In a fit of desperation
  We took the nearest at hand.

And really he answers nicely
  To "fill up the gap," you know;
To "run the machine" and "bring up arrears,"
  And make things generally go.
He has a few little failings,
  His sermons are commonplace quite,
But his manner is very charming,
  And his teeth are perfectly white.

And so of all the "dear people"
  Not one in a hundred complains,
For beauty and grace of manner
  Are so much better than *brains*.
But the parish have all concluded
  He needs a partner for life,
To shine, a gem in the parlor:
  "Wanted, a minister's wife!"

Wanted, a perfect lady,
  Delicate, gentle, refined,
With every beauty of person,
  And every endowment of mind;
Fitted by early culture
  To move in a fashionable life—
Please notice our advertisement:
  "Wanted, a minister's wife!"

Wanted, a thoroughbred worker,
  Who well to her household looks;
(Shall we see our money wasted
  By extravagant Irish cooks?)
Who cuts the daily expenses
  With economy sharp as a knife,
And washes and scrubs in the kitchen:
  "Wanted, a minister's wife!"

A "very domestic person,"
  To "callers" she must not be "out,"
It has such a bad appearance
  For *her* to be gadding about.
Only to visit the parish
  Every year of her life,
And attend the funerals and weddings:
  "Wanted, a *minister's* wife!"

To conduct the "ladies' meeting,"
  The "sewing circle" attend;
And when we "work for soldiers,"
  Her ready assistance to lend.
To clothe the destitute children
  Where sorrow and want are rife,
And look up Sunday-school scholars:
  "Wanted, a minister's wife!"

Careful to entertain strangers,
  Travelling agents and "such;"
Of this kind of "angel visits"
  The deacons have had so much
As to prove a perfect nuisance,
  And "hope these plagues of their life
Can soon be sent to the parson's:"
  "Wanted, a minister's wife!"

A perfect pattern of prudence,
  Than all others spending less,
But never disgracing the parish
  By looking shabby in dress;
Playing the organ on Sunday
  Would aid our laudable strife
To save the society's money:
  "Wanted, a minister's wife!"

And when we have found the person,
  We hope, by working the two,
To lift our debt and build a new church—
  Then we shall know what to do;
For they will be worn and weary,
  Needing a change of life,
And we shall advertise:—"Wanted,
  A minister and his wife!"

The Showman's Sick Child.

A Doctor's Dilemma.

Dr. Lemoine is one of the most courtly and affable of Paris physicians. A few days ago he was called upon by an athletic, ruddy personage who certainly seemed in no individual need of the distinguished doctor's advice; the latter, too, in kind effort to reassure his embarrassed visitor, addressed him with his usual politeness and condescension.

"Monsieur, I am the proprietor of a menagerie," said the square-shouldered man, "and one of my children is sick—"

"Exactly, my friend. Of what nature is the disease?"

"He ran a splinter into his thigh; it is very ugly, monsieur, but I am rich enough to pay well."

"Very well, my man," replied the doctor, unable to suppress a smile at the simplicity of his visitor, "we will talk of that after a while. Tell me explicitly what is the matter with your child."

"Monsieur, the splinter has festered in his thigh, and he will let no one touch it; he is headstrong, for all he is very gentle. It will be necessary, I know, to perform a slight operation; but he is so violent and headstrong about it—"

"Leave his violence to me. How old is he?"

"Four years only. But I am afraid he will bite or scratch you if you attempt to touch it. You must administer chloroform."

"Not at all, my good man. Your child cannot be very dangerous in the exercise of his temper if he is only four years old."

"But he is large for his age—"

"No, no; I will go with you to see your boy. It were folly to administer chloroform in such a case."

"But, Monsieur, you do not know him so well as I," continued the man, importunately. "I pray, I beseech you to take the chloroform all the same, in case you should need it."

To dispel the anxieties of the nervous athlete, Dr. Lemoine carried with him the required anæsthetic, and shortly arrived at the house of the beast-tamer. Entering a room adjoining the exhibition room, which was half-kitchen and half-stable, the doctor looked around for the suffering patient.

"I have put him up stairs, doctor, where the poor fellow would be undisturbed by the performances. Ascend with me, please."

They mounted a half-ladder, half-staircase, to a kind of loft. The doctor having entered, the showman followed, and closing the door behind him, quickly locked it. The former, turning in some surprise at this strange proceeding to his conductor, was saluted with a low growl from the extreme corner of the room. He then fixed his attention upon the source of this unkindly greeting, and descried a full-grown lion slowly approaching them with an unquestionably wicked and meaning snarl upon his countenance! The beast-tamer grew pale; and when he addressed some soothing brute language to the animal, his voice trembled. The doctor was not only ghastly pale, but was covered with a cold sweat.

"For God's sake, doctor, be quick!" whispered the beast-tamer, hoarsely; "he is ugly, to-day!"

Still showing his white teeth, the lion slowly crouched in that attitude which the physician had so often observed the same species assume, preparatory to a spring, in the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes. He had need then of self-possession, and collecting all his energies, he dashed the chloroform which he held in the animal's face. The latter recoiled, and in a second after began to droop under the effects of the drug. This enabled a still further administration of it, till he was finally stretched powerless before them. The operation required was then made upon the wound, and the proper restoratives applied.

Neither doctor nor showman spoke a word until they had descended the steps and stood safely in the room below.

"Monsieur," said the showman, "you have saved, by your wonderful presence of mind, a life whose value is incalculable to me. Permit me to give you your fee." And he handed the other a hundred franc note.

"Thank you, Mons. Dompteur," replied the physician, receiving the satisfactory fee; "and when you again have need of my services for a similar case, I pray you—"

"I will certainly call you in."

"No, no—to summon some other member of the profession."

Websterian Reminiscence.

Among the number of items of American gossip in one of the English magazines occurs a rather pungent set of anecdotes of the late Daniel Webster. It has a strong British coloring, and there is, probably, only a shade of truth in it:

"Mr. Webster's unequalled reputation for eloquence led to his being made, on every possible occasion, the orator of public and political gatherings and dinners. At these he talked, in the aggregate, as much sonorous nonsense as has been uttered by any other American. At the political dinners, of which he was very fond, he almost invariably became tipsy before his speech time arrived; and some of his most admired after-dinner speeches were the composition of friendly reporters. On one occasion he had to be prompted by a friend who sat just behind him, and gave him, successively, phrases and topics. The speech proceeded nearly after this fashion: *Prompter*—'Tariff.' *Webster*—'The tariff, gentlemen, is a subject requiring the profound attention of the statesman. American industry, gentlemen, must be, must be' (nods a little)—*Prompter*—'National debt.' *Webster*—'And, gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid [loud cheers, which rouse the speaker;] yes, gentlemen, it shall be paid—[cheers] and d—d if it shan't be (taking out his pocket-book)—I'll pay it myself! How much is it?' This last question was asked of a gentleman near him, with drunken seriousness, and coupled with the well-known impecuniosity of Webster's pocket-book, excited roars of laughter, amidst which the orator sank into his seat, and was soon asleep.

"At a great dinner given in Rochester, N. Y., which is built near the Genesee Falls, Webster made a speech, of which, like that quoted above, no report or account has hitherto appeared in print. It was curious that, while wine affected his thought, it did not alter his voice nor weaken his knees. On the occasion at Rochester, his speech, delivered before a large auditory, was very brief, and ran thus: 'Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you; I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your Falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. That is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus; but Rome in her proudest days had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days never had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Men of Rochester, go on! No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high.'"

The Chair of St. Peter.

That chair, which is encased in wood and various coverings, and supported by figures of the four evangelists, claims to be the very chair in which Pudens, the senator mentioned in Scripture, gave St. Paul to sit upon when he was lodging in his house. Now, soon after the French Revolution, and after the French army had taken possession of Rome, M. Denon, who was deputed by the French Government to take charge of objects in that city, determined, with a friend, to see what was inside that chair. Well, they took down all the covering, which had never been removed since the days of Pope Alexander VII., and which was placed on the chair by the celebrated architect Bellini; and a lady who knew Denon stated that she herself heard him tell this story, that, when he and his friend had stripped the chair of its covering, they found, sure enough, a marble chair, which was evidently a consular one; and, after brushing off the dust, they perceived some writing in Arabic characters, which they got some learned man to read for them, the English of the words being, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." Those two men, on making this discovery, said to each other, "It is not for us to interfere with the religion of the people, and let us put the chair again as it was, and say nothing about the matter, lest we should bring a scandal on the whole Church." They did so, and the chair has never been seen since. The late Cardinal Wiseman, in great indignation, wrote a pamphlet on this subject, in which he said that the person who made that statement was a calumniator. That pamphlet was published in England while I was at Rome, and I have got a copy of it, which is, I believe, almost the only copy in London. It is, in fact, a great curiosity. The wonderful earnestness with which the cardinal sets to word to prove that this chair is the very chair of Pudens would astonish you. There is a show of logic about the whole thing, and a delightful assumption of facts which would convince anybody who does not care whether history is true or false. But some people said, and I among the rest, "There is one easy mode of deciding this question: why not look at the chair? Why not strip it of all the coverings, as Denon and his friend did?" "Oh no," was the reply: "it is too sacred a thing for that."—*Mr. Prebendary Burgon.*

MAIDEN BEAUTY.

Her hand's like a lily—
  But just as the tip
It hath stolen a tint
  Like the hue of her lip!
Her breath's like the morning,
  When hyacinths blow;
Her feet leave a blessing
  Wherever they go!

For each one she's something
  To comfort or cheer;
When her purse fails her wishes
  She gives them a tear!
E'en the sound of her step
  Seems to bring them relief;
And they bless that sweet face
  Which speaks hope 'mid their grief.

Her mouth's like a rose-bud,
  Just budding half through,
When it opens at morn
  Amid fragrance and dew;
And her heart is a dwelling
  Where angels might rest,
And forget their own heaven
  In that of her breast.

HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. JERVIS AND MISS PERKS SEE A GHOST.

The ——th regiment, due in June, was long overdue in August, but Claris waited with a patience which no lover-like dreads of shipwreck or disaster disturbed. It was Olive's cheek which paled under the long suspense, Olive's brow which grew heavy as day after day passed and brought no tidings of the Amaranth, which unlucky vessel having met with more storms than such a supernannuated tub could comfortably weather, had been forced to put in at the Cape for such repairs as would enable her to hold together long enough to cross a couple of oceans or so and land her brave cargo safely in Portsmouth Harbor.

Cissy, grown wise by Love's intuition, watched the shadow deepen upon the care-laden brow, whilst sharper eyes, which were not so wise, watched it too. Hilda, baffled for once, sat herself down before the puzzlement, as she called it, and besieged it night and day.

"What is it?" questioned the young lady to herself. "What is it, I wonder? I might have thought the governor had behaved badly, but, although she blushed awfully, *before* I brought his name out, she was as unembarrassed as possible when she discovered it was only a question of him. It's *somebody*—who on earth can it be? It's *not* Mr. Julius. She watches that innocent little episode with a benign, fairy-godmother sort of interest, which I don't wonder at; I feel very indulgent towards the turtle-doves myself. It's not—well, it's not anybody I see about her. Who *is* it, I wonder?"

And Hilda having this new object in view, let Mr. Howard go and come scot-free, to the grateful relief of that persecuted but conscientious young clergyman.

Just then Colonel St. Maur, paying a farewell visit to his friend Hailsham, of Abbeyford, rode over to Armytage Park to make his adieux to the ladies there. Hilda being present at the interview, and using all her powers of observation, astutely pronounced—

"One of two things—either that man has proposed and been refused, or else he would propose if he did not know he would be refused. There's no help there for the mystery, and there's not another man I can think of, and it wouldn't be a woman, naturally."

And so Hilda, whose intelligence and experience were generally sufficient for the demands upon them, suffered a crisis of baffled curiosity in the intervals of that mitigated attendance upon Lady Arthur which the family delegated, without remorse, to her ladyship's goddaughter.

"To be sure," Hilda would say, "there is nothing else to be done. The family must be represented on the occasion, or people might say we were unnatural and all that, you know, and then Lord Cawdor's feelings are just now in that critical state that it would never do for mamma or Gwendoline to be out of sight, so they have very properly followed him to Scotland—that is to say, they have followed him in the sense of the French epigram: they have gone before him. And for me, you see, it suits very well; I don't come out until next season, and I am in everybody's way until I do. And then, as it did not suit Lady Arthur to receive mademoiselle, I gain a respite there, and now that Claris is so often at Hazelrigge it really is quite bearable."

Hilda explained her views thus one August evening, as she sat out upon the terrace with Olive, waiting for the carriage which was to bring Claris from spending the day with her future mother-in-law, and to take Hilda herself back again to the secrets of that prison-house from which she so gladly escaped to the genial atmosphere of Armytage. Just within the little drawing-room, revealed now and then by the lifting of the lace curtains as they waved backwards and forwards in the languid breeze, Mr. Julius watched Cissy at work with a glorified needle upon an etherealized strip of muslin, and trembled at his own happiness, and almost expected it, as embodied in Cissy, to take to itself wings and flee away, needle, muslin, and all, to some celestial region where it and they most properly belonged. It is curious to see what hold love and grief often take of these large, strong, single natures; how they lie down in their strength and let them trample over them, whilst smaller and meaner men, lighter in bulk and in worth, dodge the passions, as it were, and keep their feet all through life, just as a regiment of British grenadiers present a broad front to the enemy's guns and are "mowed down by fifties," whilst a troop of light French skirmishers scour the plain in safety, and laugh at the bullets as they whiz past.

Nevertheless, here as there, it is the wounds which are honorable, and we have good reason to be shy of the soldier who has no scars to show.

"Lady Arthur worries terribly about Gerald," Hilda talked on, "and as that is really a legitimate cause for worry, I wonder she *has* taken it up. A downright good trouble is a fine thing sometimes; one has so much patience with it, you know, and when a person is by way of worrying about something or everything it is so much better to have a real claim on the sympathy and patience of those they belong to. What can have become of him and of them all? It is strange there should be no news; they are more than four months out, Claris bears up very sweetly, does she not?"

She turned round and looked Olive in the face as she spoke, not with any ulterior design, but because she was a little tired of that *rôle* of chief speaker which she had enjoyed almost uninterruptedly all the afternoon. It struck her then that Olive was very pale, much paler than usual, but they sat in that soft evening dimness which draws the bloom and color out of everything, and blends and confuses all tints into its own neutral shade of grey, so that she explained it to herself even whilst she asked—

"Are you well this evening? You are looking pale."

It was such a hot, painful flash of color which spread over Olive's face at the question that the twilight could not hide it; she rose from her seat in a restless embarrassment which was new enough to rouse Hilda's wondering observation.

"You will have time to take some coffee, as the carriage is so late," she said, and passed in without waiting for an answer, carrying a disturbing mundane element straight, without any warning, into the midst of Mr. Julius's ethereal dream. Hilda followed, in a fresh access of that unsatisfied curiosity which had already wrought Mr. Howard's deliverance, and drank her coffee with every sense on the *qui vive*.

Claris was late—so late that when she did return Perks was summoned to attend Miss Conroy to Hazelrigge. Hilda understood most things by reason of that perversion of talents which had turned aside from the prescribed order of improvement to the less legitimate but more attractive study of life and the world, and therefore she understood exactly of what value this *tête à-tête* drive with the maid might be to her in the task of discovery upon which her mind was at present bent. But there was a certain chivalrous sentiment of honor pervading her daring and skeptical nature, and proving stronger than the strong curiosity aroused in her, so that she let her opportunities pass by without improvement. The genuine love and respect which were in her heart for Olive, of which she was only herself half conscious, which she would have treated with a good deal of scorn and self-ridicule if she had fully realized it, had doubtless as much to do with both her curiosity and her reticence as anything else.

"There's something," she mused, as she was driven along through the odorous air of the summer night, "and that little Miss Holmby knows of it. I saw it in her face—what a truth-telling transparent face it is! I wonder how it would look up there in the great world—something like sunrise coming in to put the gaslight out of countenance at an evening party. The moment the lights came in, and she saw how pale Olive looked, she set herself to talk to me that I might not notice it, and picked out the lumps of sugar Olive dropped by mistake into the cream-jug as quietly as possible, to cover the fact of Olive's nervousness and pre-occupation. Can it be that she has quarrelled with the colonel and is sorry for it? No, hardly; and yet I don't know why not. The colonel is wonderfully handsome and *impressing*, and it would be reasonable enough that a little country girl like Olive should think a great deal of him, and they say he was quite devoted to her. But then she would not be likely to quarrel. Let me see, what were we talking about when she changed color? Ah!" with a sort of gasp, bringing her hands suddenly together, and startling Miss Perks, whose nerves were already out of order. And then, having found the clue, she traced it step by step, nodding her head emphatically at each stage of confirmation. After which, the first triumphant feeling of success being satisfied, Hilda's elation sank to genuine concern.

"It's awfully bad and unlucky? and she is just the sort of person to take such a thing to heart; and, after all, of course she must know that she is the proper wife for him, and not Claris, and that must make it so hard. Only that, being exactly suited for each other, she might have known that, according to the usual wise course of things, they were sure never to come together. Poor thing! there is no help for it—none at all! there isn't even time for Claris to elope with a millionaire, although, as I see it now, the Amaranth has mercifully given her the chance. And if she did, that stupid, blind Gerald would either rush out to New Zealand and get himself killed by the Maories or some such wretches, or else he would let some designing young woman marry him out of our way—anything, in fact, but open his eyes and take the 'goods the gods provide him.' Heigho!" sighed Hilda, relapsing into something very like sentiment, "what a world it is! And yet," recovering herself, "it suits me very well and amuses me very much, and for my own part I don't demand anything better, only it is vexing to see what a mistake it is for some people. It just reminds me of the old fable of the iron pot and the delicate china going down the stream together. It's all very well for us—the iron people—but the china *must* go to pieces, and somehow I for one wish it wouldn't."

Thereupon Hilda, finding herself at her journey's end, bade Perks good night, and went back to practical life and Lady Arthur. Now it is not to be supposed that if Miss Perks had been consulted as to her choice of an escort that she would have selected Mr. Jervis, who was all this time sitting upon the coach-box in readiness to protect her on the three miles of homeward way. Miss Ursula's thoughtful and innocent provision had put poor Perks into the disagreeable position of an evening walk alone with her rejected suitor—with, moreover, the person between whom and herself there lay a secret which both felt it unsafe to speak of, but which lay so near the surface that they could not tell at what moment it might be on the lips of one or the other. Under these circumstances the natural impulse would have been to avoid each other's society—an impulse which poor Miss Ursula had so unconsciously opposed when she directed that Jervis—the very respectable and thoroughly trustworthy Jervis, the patriarch, as it were, of the servants' hall—should give his unassailable protection to the benighted maid.

The awkwardness of such situations always falls most heavily on the male sufferer. Mr. Jervis accepted his share in dumb silence, whilst Miss Perks rushed straightway into talk, keeping it up with nervous volubility in spite of monosyllabic answers until the last stile of the meadow path, a short cut from Hazelrigge, was reached. Then she stopped abruptly, so abruptly that the last sentence remained unfinished, and she herself stood still, pointing with a shaking finger to the stile, whereon was seated, dimly outlined beneath the stars, the slouching, ruffianly figure of the man who had appeared to her in the garden bower. Mr. Jervis recognized him too, with the quick instinct of jealousy and hate, and the next instant he was gone; he had slipped away into the shadow of the hedgerow, perhaps; it seemed to the two excited spectators that the earth had opened and swallowed him up out of their sight, so swiftly and silently d'd he vanish. It took them some seconds to recover from the shock, and then they simultaneously walked forward without a word to the spot whence the apparition had disappeared. Was it an apparition? It seemed as if it must have been such. Mr. Jervis walked a few steps on either side of the hedge, peered into the tangled ditches, took a survey of the open field, and then, rubbing his eyes in a bewildered way, came back to his companion.

"Was it a man or a ghost?" he asked in a whisper. She did not answer, but she quickened her footsteps, and, with many a furtive, frightened glance behind and on either side of them, the two reached the back entrance of Armytage Hall. Safely there, Miss Perks would have slipped away from him without a word, but he stood before her taking off his hat and rubbing his forehead nervously.

"I'm glad I was with you," he said then. "You mustn't venture out alone after dark, nor in the daytime neither, for the matter of that. He's after no good, you know."

"No," she breathed. "Good night, Mr. Jervis."

Brave as she had shown herself, this sudden reappearance had shaken her terribly. It was ten days since his first appearance, and she had almost settled down to a feeling of safety, but now it was all broken up. And if, as Mr. Jervis had asked—echoing her own scared thought—if this should be a spirit come to haunt her in wicked spite and malice after the wretched body had ceased to live?—if, in fulfillment of his parting threat, it had come to terrify her from any hope of fresh happiness, now that the material barrier was removed out of her way? Miss Perks was superstitious according to her class, and she was possessed with an unspeakable fear and horror as this thought fastened on her. She found her way to her own room, throwing aside her bonnet and shawl for air as she did so, and then she sat down and lost herself in the overpowering dreads which the accident of the night had awakened.

It was late when she came back to reasonable reflection. Miss Claris must be waiting for her she thought, and she ran downstairs, down to the garden bower at once, and, without pausing in her hurry and trepidation for the answer to her usual knock, entered the room. It did not appear that her mistress had waited for her, late as it was. She sat in her white-frilled dressing-gown, with her jewel-case on her lap, and the shining contents all spread abroad over the white coverlet of the bed, and opposite to her, all flushed and fiery, as Miss Perks had never before seen her, stood Olive.

"What a heartless woman you are!" Olive was saying. And then she turned away and walked up and down the room once or twice, whilst her sister looked up and laughed a light, amused laugh.

"What a fiery little darling it is!" she said, trying the effect of the duke's pearls on her own white throat. "What a pity you cannot wear pearls, Olive, they are so elegant! Diamonds are your jewels, and rubies and emeralds—all the barbaric gems—they were made for you dark skinned people. And they are handsome enough in their way—rather barbaric, as I said before, and I prefer elegance to mere richness and coloring. I must have earrings for this; there are more than enough pearls in the necklace; two of the largest may come out. See." And she held the string of costly beads towards Olive as she spoke.

But Olive's mood was too urgent for trifling. The color flamed in her dark cheeks, and her eyes flashed fire. There was indignant contempt in the tone in which she exclaimed—

"Claris!"

Claris gave her a look of calm astonishment, and Miss Perks could not help thinking what a contrast the two were—Claris all white, and smooth, and fair, calm and cool too as winter snow; Olive fiery, flushing and impulsive as a lightning cloud.

It was not like Perks's discretion to remain a listener and a witness to this scene, but the fact was she was taken by surprise. Moreover, she was unnerved, and had not her usual presence of mind about her, and after making one or two feeble ineffectual efforts to attract attention, she stood still, nervous and irresolute, not knowing whether to retreat or advance, until Claris, presently perceiving her, nodded her a perfectly unembarrassed dismissal, so that she did not see how her mistress shrugged her white shoulders, and turned back to the arrangement of her trinkets, saying, very sweetly and pleasantly, considering the circumstances—

"My little sister, do you know that you are not civil? You come to my room and you call me a string of pretty names, and work yourself up into a passion which is very becoming, certainly, but not at all necessary. Well, fortunately, nothing puts *me* out."

Which Miss Perks, had she stayed to hear it, would probably have concluded was very well calculated to put somebody else out.

It was not for nothing, it seemed, then, that the clouds had been gathering so heavily about Olive of late. That which she had foreseen had happened to her, and trouble and she were companions again. But this time it was no strange thing which had come upon her, and she did not fight frantically against the invader; she knew the face of sorrow by this time, and she did not wonder and question at it as she had done at first. But it was no wonder that the black and threatening clouds burst at last into a tempest; although, for all the good it did, the stony waves of her vehemence might have beaten against a stony rock which only sent them back again.

Miss Perks, worn out with her own causes of anxiety, crept quietly up to bed, and left her young mistresses to the uninterrupted settlement of their own vexed question, whatever that might be.

"Gracious!" panted a breathless housemaid, as she broke in upon the earlier slumbers of the companion-maid, who shared her garret, "you don't know how loud the young ladies was talking in Miss Claris's room when I come past just now. Ladies can quarrel as well as we servants, you see, for all Mrs. Gaythorn says about it."

"I'm sure it's not Miss Claris's fault," was the sleepy reply; "she's always so smiling and pleasant."

"Well, I don't know," answered the other; "Miss Olive's right down good, I know that, but it takes two to a quarrel, you know, and if they wasn't quarrelling I don't know what they wanted to talk so loud for."

"Acting, p'r'aps," suggested the somnolent friend.

Whereupon the other laughed, and recommended her to "go to sleep altogether, and not stop half way!"

And now night—the balmy-breathing summer night—sank down upon the sleeping household.

No human sound broke the soft, sweet hush. The breeze which slumbered amongst the vine-leaves rouse sometimes and rustled its verdant cradle, soft twitterings woke up now and then out of dewy stillness, and low, half-heard, half-felt quiverings trembled around, as if soft wings stirred the odorous calm.

Cissy, sleeping the sleep of youth and happy love, in the chamber which Olive would have her share with herself, woke up sometimes to see a white vision flitting to and fro, like a restless spirit.

Was it the Banshee of the house of Armytage or was it—Olive?

CHAPTER XX.

THE VALUE OF "A BODY."

Into this sweet rest of night the morning flashed all jubilant, ringing out its joy-bells of melody to wake the dreaming world, flooding the valleys with golden light, kindling bright beacon-fires, upon the mountain-tops, and sowing light-diamonds broadcast over the meadows that had slept in pearly mist beneath the moon.

Miss Perks, opening wide her chamber window, wooed the gladness and brightness of the early day to enter and dissipate the ghostly atmosphere of her last night's fears. It is wonderful how much a little daylight—not to say sunlight—will do in this way. The ghost which is so very ghostly in the dark is only "a spectral illusion" at which we smile amused in the morning's light; the care which sits brooding so blackly in the shadow of night takes flight on dove-like wings in the silver radiance of dawn. So that Perks, after basking in the full brightness of recovered day, went down-stairs enveloped in a comfortable sense of security, which, being all feeling and no reason, was not, after all, more trustworthy than the scared panic of the night before.

Notwithstanding the general principle and special application, Olive awoke to find an ugly phantom hovering still about *her* pillow. She went wearily and languidly through the processes of her toilette, for such restless and uneasy sleep as she had suffered all night had left her exhausted and unnerved. She had thrown up her dressing-room window and was leaning out of it as far as she could reach, holding both her hot hands to the cool, fresh air, with her glossy braids of hair pushed back from their recent neat arrangement to let the morning breeze fan her burning temples. Up from the garden below came all the sweet hum and rustle of summer day; they filled her ears and soothed the senses that were half astray with the confusing feverishness of unrest.

So that a suppressed stir, a sort of whispering flutter in the corridor outside her door did not reach her through the dreamy medley of sound in which she was lost, and the presence of Perks in the room with her was only announced by the uttered words—

"Miss Olive, will you tell Miss Armytage the house has been broken into in the night, and Miss Claris is murdered?"

There was no wild flurry of excitement, none of the vulgar outcry at horrible news, in the maid's manner. She stood concentrated, as it were, into a sort of still composure, but the deadly whitening of cheek and lip, and that sharp pitch of the voice which betrays intense agitation, sounded a quick note of alarm in Olive's heart, and with that inversion of time which belongs to the great crises of life, she seemed to have known it all before the terrible words came.

She drew a long, gasping breath, and then she moved swiftly towards the door without a word. The corridor was filled with a crowd of terror-stricken faces, from which she turned at once, making for the door of communication between her own bedroom and Miss Ursula's apartments. Here Cissy's terrified eyes stayed her a moment.

"Oh, Olive, what is it?"

She turned with the instinct of soothing and protection she had been wont to exercise towards Cissy.

"Hush, dear! I—hardly know."

The effort of utterance, strange and unnatural as speech, or even ordinary action, seemed in the great horror which possessed her, brought back some recollection, and in the moment of calmer thought which followed she resolved not to alarm her aunt until she had seen for herself whether this horrible news were really true. The frightened faces, from which she had shrunk at first, waited still for her in the corridor, but this time she passed bravely through them, and down the great staircase, where a crowd of kitchen-maids and underlings huddled together, pressing upon the protecting footsteps of the upper domestics, with that ignorant terror of death and disaster which is characteristic of their class. It was remarked afterwards that "Miss Olive knew where to go," for she held on her way, without question or guidance, to the garden bower. Before the closed door she paused, and her whole form shivered as with fear. She put Cissy, who had followed her, aside, and with an evident effort passed in with only Mrs. Gaythorn by her side. So gay and bright the little chamber looked that the shuddering glance she threw around came back to rest with a quiet sense of relief upon the scene before her. A stream of warm sunshine welled in through the open glass-door, and brought with it the sweet perfume of the clematis blossoms which hung above. The quivering shadows of flower and leaf nestled amongst the glittering toilet appointments on the lace-draped table, and a thrush from amongst the white roses of the verandah sent a joyous burst of song thrilling through the scented air. It was all as little as possible like the scene of a tragedy; there was absolutely no sign of the dreadful spectacle which Olive had nerved herself to face. It is true that the chamber was empty, the bed evidently unslept in, and some little disorder apparent in the furniture, but not until Mrs. Gaythorn silently pointed it out did Olive perceive that her sister's handsome dressing-case lay broken upon the floor, with its velvet-lined jewel compartments empty and exposed, nor that all but one of the drawers of the walnut-wood wardrobe stood open; and then, following Mrs. Gaythorn's leading, she saw that outside the glass-door the tangle of climbing, trailing plants was torn and bruised as if some heavy body had fallen in their midst, or some resisting hand had clung uselessly to their frail hold. A few steps farther on along the path Olive turned sickened from the plain traces of blood dyeing the hard gravel with its crimson witness, and the horror which had faded in the glow of sunshine came back again and fastened upon her. She took the arm which the housekeeper offered her, and made her way, faint and trembling, back through the empty chamber. Close to the door her foot turned upon something which rolled from under her tread—something white and round. She stooped with a sudden recognition, and picked up—one of the duke's pearls! It must have gone hard with Claris before these were scattered! She was passing out, holding the solitary gem still between her fingers, when Mrs. Gaythorn spoke, in hushed tones, as if the actual presence of death were awing her.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I believe we ought to leave it all as we found it until the police come!"

"The police!"

Mrs. Gaythorn afterwards had a very unlucky remembrance of the startled tone in which the repetition was made.

"One of the stable-men started for Estwick half-an-hour ago, ma'am—directly, in fact, we found out what had happened. He was to ride as fast as possible to the police-station, and I expect some one will be here shortly. I waited Miss Armytage's orders to know which of the magistrates I should send for first. Mr. Hailsham is the nearest."

Police and magistrates and all the thronging crowd of curious, prying horror-mongers! Olive realized at once all that would shortly be upon them. She had hardly time to soften the shock to her aunt, whom she met calm and unconscious coming downstairs from her room, before the first instalment was to be received—an inspector of police whom the messenger had met on the Estwick road and hastened forward to the hall. By twelve o'clock a cordon of police was drawn all round the house, with the double purpose of keeping out the crowd which had assembled in the park and of keeping in every member of the attainted household until the rigid examination being carried on by the magistrates in the library should be concluded.

"Keep a sharp look-out *at home*," Sir Pearce Duncombe had said to the inspector as he passed in. "Don't let us lose the scent at starting as those blunderers did down in Southshire last year."

"All right, sir," was the reply.

And so it happened that, with this warning before them of the far-sighted outlook which had overshot its mark in the other case, the emissaries of justice now concentrated all their faculties of mind and eye upon the immediate scene of the catastrophe. The thorough search carried on all the first day resulted in nothing more definite than the tracing of spots of blood irregularly sprinkled along the gravel-walk and disappearing finally on the margin of a piece of ornamental water which skirted the pleasure-grounds on the park side. That Claris's purse was missing, together with a sum of fifty pounds, the half-yearly allowance for her private use, drawn on the preceding day from Miss Ursula's bankers at Estwick, as well as the disappearance of the valuable jewelry contained in the dressing-case, pointed to robbery as the motive for the crime. Yet there were not wanting those amongst the officials who, straining after more than ordinary acuteness, put aside this apparently obvious deduction as a blind, and hinted at strange and startling explanations, which, moreover, gathered weight and meaning from the solemn, mysterious nature of the examinations carried on behind closed doors in the library. One by one each member of the household appeared before a fuller "bench" of magistrates than ever sat at the Estwick court-house, and submitted himself or herself to a closer cross questioning than had ever before made their hearts beat and their tongues falter.

Nothing could exceed the terror and alarm with which these proceedings and their inference filled the minds of the domestic portion of the establishment. In the universal panic, the special agitation of Mr. Jervis and Miss Perks escaped unnoticed. Indeed, the maid, as having been the first to make the dreadful discovery, would have been supposed, in any case, to have suffered more from the shock than any of her companions who had not been brought so immediately in contact with it. But it was well for Mr. Jervis that the Argus eyes of the local police were distributed away from his particular corner of the world, or the wild way in which he paced the floor of his pantry, and the incoherent strain in which he addressed himself, would certainly have been greatly to his disadvantage.

"Joseph Jervis!" he would exclaim, smiting himself upon his ample breast—"Joseph Jervis! you have always been a honest man, and a honest man you must continue," which, with certain injunctions to "Satan" to get behind him," would have been altogether inexplicable to any listener less in the good butler's secrets than ourselves.

As for Perks's hysterics, and the weak-minded way in which she protested over and over again, when waiting to be called before "the gentlemen," that she was "so nervous she knew she should contradict herself at every word she spoke," unprecedented as was such a display of utter self-abandonment, it all passed, as we have said, in the general agitation. The mutual avoidance of the butler and the maid, which now amounted to an absolute shrinking on the part of the latter, had been a thing of speculation in the servants' hall for some time before, so that it gave rise to no suspicion of mutual understanding or complicity at this time. Therefore, under this fortunate combination of circumstances, Mr. Jervis went through the trying ordeal of examination without forfeiting his claim to self-consideration as "a honest man."

It was seven o'clock, nay, it was nearly eight, before the thirty or so domestics had been more than two-thirds disposed of—the grief of the ladies was to be respected as long as possible—and the hungry *séance* broke up to seek for dinner and to agree that no light whatever had as yet been thrown upon the melancholy occasion of their "meeting." Mr. Julius, who had hastened to the hall on the first rumor of misfortune, remained throughout that first sad night, and the little band gathered together in Miss Ursula's sitting-room with scarcely a sense of relief at the departure of the magisterial section. For the police went in and out still, with scanty respect even for the privacy of the family, carrying on investigations and searches, and taking possession of every part of the house in turn. It was a trying aggravation of the first trial, this surrendering of the home to the authority and scrutiny of the law, this pervading desecration of strange voices and strange footsteps, which Mr. Julius tried in vain to shut out from the only nook in that great house which had still the atmosphere of home. Olive thought, even in the midst of her trouble, that she had never seen the young clergyman to such advantage as when he exerted himself, with wonderful thoughtfulness and tenderness, to soothe those first weary, exhausted hours, pressing food and wine upon the three worn-out women, and averting, by his quiet command and forethought, every painful and mortifying intrusion.

"You must take this poor child back to her father and mother to-morrow," Miss Ursula said to him, as she raised herself up on her couch to take from his hand the cup of hot coffee, which, mindful of her tastes, he had ordered to be prepared for her. "This is no place for her," and Miss Ursula's hand went tenderly down to the bowed head which Cissy, with the confidence of former days, was resting against her.

"Oh no, no, Miss Ursula! Do you think I could bear to leave you at such a time? Please let me stay until—until this is all over. *You*," and her eyes sought Mr. Julius with more assurance than they had ever done before—"you do not think it right that I should go away?"

"No!" he replied emphatically. "Miss Armytage, will you show us both that we have your confidence by letting us do what we can for you?"

What a long, sleepless, haunted night it was, and how thankfully the daylight was hailed by each one! Although after this first feeling of relief came the dread of what the morning must needs bring—the return to publicity, to that intolerable necessity of being all the day *en evidence* which is so opposed to the English principle of home-sacredness, and at a time of such distress and perplexity, was painful to the last degree. It was not possible for Mr. Julius, although he devoted himself to shield the poor ladies, to save them from the worst part of the day's trial—that cross-questioning in the library for which their inevitable turn came at the close of this second day. What he could do, and *did*, was to stand by them and support them through the ordeal.

Miss Ursula had little or nothing to say. She had bidden her niece good night in the drawing-room at a little before twelve, had then retired to her own room, and had rested undisturbed until the following morning. She proved that the sum of £50 had been drawn from the Estwick bank on the day of the sad occurrence, and that her niece possessed valuable jewelry, some of which had belonged to her mother, some to the late Lady Armytage, and some had been presented to her by friends. The circumstance of the money might or might not have been known to some of the servants of the house; the footman and coachman had been in attendance when the visit to the bank had been made, but it was Claris herself who had drawn the sum. The possession of the jewelry would of course be known to the maid, and also to others, and its presence in Claris's sleeping apartment would naturally be supposed. Her niece's change of apartment had been entirely her own wish and suggestion, and it had not occurred to Miss Armytage that the situation of the garden bower was too unguarded for a young lady's safety, the housekeeper and butler being almost within call.

Mr. Julius could not help regretting that at such a time, when a feather's weight turns the scale of suspicion, and the charitable dogma that "every man is to be considered innocent until he is proved guilty" is just reversed, that Olive was unable, either through a nervousness which would have been justified by her pallor and evident misery, or from the facts of the case, to give so simple and unembarrassed an account as Miss Ursula of the manner in which she had spent the night of the murder. She had accompanied her sister to her chamber, and had remained there in conversation with her for about an hour. She declined, although courteously pressed on the subject by Sir Everard Staplewode—declined, with considerable agitation, to give any account of that conversation. She had not slept well—in fact, she had risen, lighted a lamp, and spent part of the night in reading. It was not altogether the heat which had disturbed her—it was (in reply to Mr. Hailsham's somewhat irrelevant questioning) some anxiety of mind with which the present misfortune had nothing whatever to do. It certainly did not arise from any apprehensions as to her sister's safety. She had not thought any part of the house unprotected, considering the number of servants and inmates; and no fear of robbery had at any time occurred to her. She had heard no noise during the night, and since—since the terrible discovery of the morning she had been surprised at not doing so, as her door was open at intervals, and she had even descended the staircase to listen, in the direction of her sister's apartment.

Mr. Fayrit, the great London detective, who had been summoned the day before by telegram, here bent forward and whispered something in Mr. Hailsham's ear. Whereupon that Diogenes abruptly demanded why, "if Miss Bankes had no anxiety on her sister's account, she had though it necessary to listen for any alarm?"

It made Mr. Julius bite his lips with vexation to see how poor Olive faltered and colored, and growing more and more nervous at the prolonged pause which awaited her answer, after one or two futile commencements, finally stammered out that "she had not been alarmed."

Mr. Hailsham, who would have thought consideration and courtesy wasted upon any woman, and especially on a woman who promulgated latitudinarian views upon the supremacy of the game laws, was preparing to urge the matter further, when Mr. Julius in a low voice represented that the young lady was already overpowered by the painful nature of the examination, and had best retire until she was sufficiently composed to reply to any further questions which might be demanded of her. Sir Pearce Duncombe gallantly came to the rescue, and Sir Everard himself, always chivalrous, opened the library-door while Mr. Julius led the half-fainting girl away. A blue-coated inspector of police, passing the door of Miss Armytage's apartment, saw the burst of hysterical sobs with which she buried her face in the cushions of the couch.

Cissy's turn came next, but then Cissy had the strong moral support of her lover's presence, and came fearlessly to the tribunal. It was an old white-haired magistrate who first addressed her.

"Miss—Miss Holmby, will you be kind enough to tell us when you last saw the poor young lady whose sad disappearance we all lament so deeply?"

"I said good-night to her," Cissy replied, lifting her soft, shy eyes to the face of her questioner, "at the drawing-room door the night before last."

"And then proceeded direct to your own apartment?"

"Yes."

"Which room did you occupy on that night?"

"I slept with Miss Bankes in the room over this."

"I beg your pardon; were you in the habit of sharing Miss Bankes' room?"

"Yes we generally slept together."

"And Miss Bankes and you went to your room at the same time, did you not?"

"Oh, no; Olive—Miss Bankes—went downstairs with her sister, and remained some time."

"How long?"

"I hardly know, but it must have been some time, because I was asleep when she returned."

"Did you hear any unusual noise in the night?"

"No—yes; that is, I was restless; it was a very warm night, and I was disturbed by noises, but they were in my own room."

"Do you know what caused them?"

"Oh, yes; Miss Bankes was moving about the room—she has told me since that she could not sleep—and this must have wakened me two or three times."

"At what time was this?"

"All the first part of the night, I think, but I was sleepy, and hardly recollect."

"Did Miss Bankes leave her room in the night?"

"I should think not"—with a look of surprise.

"But you do not *know* that she did not? You only remember that she was walking about the room?"

"I remember finding her up when I roused, two or three times, but I do not suppose she was walking about *all* the time. She has told me since that she could not sleep, and she lighted a lamp to read."

"Was Miss Bankes in the habit of spending her nights out of bed?"

"Oh, no, never!" beginning eagerly. Mr. Julius was standing opposite to her; she caught such a look of consternation upon his face, that, dismayed, perplexed, utterly wretched at some possible unconscious mistake in her own evidence, she stopped suddenly, entirely confused and broken down. And every word, stammered or faltered after this, with an uncertain, appealing glance towards Mr. Julius's troubled countenance, only made the matter worse. There was nothing more to be made of Cissy.

Nor could a persistence in Mr. Hailsham's unsparing questions on the following day draw from Olive any admission as to the cause of the anxiety which had produced her wakefulness on the terrible night. She admitted that she had left her room more than once, but refused to assign any other reason than "restlessness and uneasiness" for the "hovering about the staircase" upon which Mr. Hailsham appeared to lay what she thought an unnecessary and vexatious stress. Sifted through the whole household, on all the succeeding days of that wretched week, this question remained as it was—that Olive had been the only wakeful member of the household, but that her room was so much farther removed from her sister's chamber than those of the housekeeper that it could only be considered natural that the sound of a deed which had been done without rousing *them* should have failed to reach *her*. It is true that a handkerchief marked with Olive's name had been picked up early in the morning at the door of her sister's room, but this could have no possible significance, since her visit there was established. A house full of sleeping people had heard nothing, and one wakeful person had also heard nothing—all the magistrates and police-officers of F——shire could make no breach in the impenetrable wall of mystery surrounding the occurrence. The ornamental water was dragged, the house and grounds were searched, the whole country was scoured in vain. The hall itself continued under the closest surveillance, but no light was thrown upon the dark secrets of that night. Mr. Hailsham alone, with his brother magistrates, persisted in a sort of distrust of poor Olive's "unaccountable wakefulness," as it pleased him to consider it, and at his instigation, Mr. Fayrit watched the unconscious lady with a vigilance which was not even rewarded by overhearing the suppressed cry which broke from her as she clung to her aunt, after one of the almost daily interviews with Mr. Hailsham.

"Aunt Ursula, tell me that I am right—that I ought not to tell!"

Or the weeping reply of Miss Armytage—

"It can do no good, my love."

"Then I will be firm, for all our sakes."

And Miss Ursula's close embrace helped to strengthen her for the next persecution of the Master of Abbeyford.

Meantime the news of this ghastly and mysterious midnight murder had spread over the whole country, and produced the most intense excitement from one end of England to the other. In the county in which it happened a perfect tumult of feeling was roused. It needed but this to put the crowning touch to the popularity of Claris. Her beauty, her grace, her winning manners and sweet character, were enhanced a thousandfold by this her terrible end. The public press endowed her at once with all the cardinal virtues, and all the rest besides. You see death is a condition essential to the canonization of saints, and the sympathy which the whole neighborhood felt for Miss Armytage and her remaining niece was manifested by a whole shower of cards left by their owners at the different gates of the park. The duke and duchess telegraphed horrified condolence from Ems, where they were staying for the duke's health, after a long and harrassing session, and Lady Arthur wrote almost hourly notes of inquiry, suggestion, and denunciation, which, in spite of the postscripts in which Hilda begged her to take no notice of them, tormented poor Miss Ursula amidst her greater troubles, just as the perpetual buzzing incursions of summer flies worry and distract a poor sufferer whose burning fever-throbs or agonizing pains already give him enough to endure.

The last day of the week came, the *posse* of magistrates was on the point of breaking up, dissatisfied and disappointed, after authorising the publication of a reward of £200 for such information as would lead to the conviction of the murderer or murderers, when a most important piece of evidence was unexpectedly brought before them. A countryman, escorted by a policeman, into whose charge he had declined to commit the discovery, laid on the library-table a weapon which he had found lying under the hedge of a field in which he was pasturing cows. The weapon was a curious jewel-hilted knife or dagger, of Indian make, and its short, broad blade was covered with dark stains, which required no analysis to prove themselves blood. Perks was brought in and questioned as to this instrument, which had evidently been a curiosity or ornament, perhaps brought from India by the father of the lost lady. Perks identified it at once as belonging to Miss Olive, and always kept in her room. She had heard the ladies say, she added, that it had once belonged to the first Mrs. Bankes, Miss Olive's mother, and it was much prized by Miss Olive. She remembered seeing it only a few days before in a cabinet of Indian curiosities in Miss Olive's own room. The cabinet was not locked.

"Well!" was the exclamation with which Mr. Hailsham faced round upon his colleagues as soon as the room had been cleared of all save the official quota, "you see young ladies do not hang about staircases all night for nothing. I hope, gentlemen, that you are all satisfied, and that we see our way clearly at last. Shall I make out the warrant? Let's see—what's her outlandish name?"

He drew the inkstand towards him as he sat down. There was silence in the room, only the courtly Sir Everard Staplewode took snuff with a little more than his usually deliberate grace.

"Well!" reiterated Mr. Hailsham, pausing with uplifted pen, and looking from one to the other of his companions. One or two took up their hats and moved towards the door; Sir Pearce Duncombe stood still, turning a paper-knife dubiously round and round between his fingers, and the white-haired magistrate, Mr. Bohun, walked to the window and looked out. Mr. Hailsham tapped the floor impatiently with his foot.

"You don't mean to say," he broke out, "that you are all afraid of the truth? Isn't such a piece of evidence enough for you?"

"They were all used to Mr. Hailsham's rough speech, and no one cared to resent it. Mr. Bohun came back from the window, and was preparing to speak, when Mr. Fayrit stepped before him to Mr. Hailsham's side.

"You have got a piece of evidence, as you say, sir, *but you have got no body.*"

Mr. Hailsham dropped his pen, and stared at the speaker.

"By the Lord Harry you are right!" he exclaimed. "Go you, then, and find it."

And so the meeting broke up forthwith, with evident signs of relief.

"D—n it!" muttered Sir Everard, whose polite vocabulary was liberally besprinkled with oaths, standing aside to let Mr. Bohun precede him into his carriage, "Hailsham was going too fast. Who knows? the girl mayn't be dead after all."

"Body!" cried one of the rural police, upon whose zeal and hopes of reward Mr. Fayrit's insinuation fell like a wet blanket—"no body! That says nothing. There's many a murder without a body—that's to say, *at first.*"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ To Housekeepers.—An old physician says that persons are often poisoned by the lead extracted from the paint used upon the inside of new pails by the acid of lemonade. These things form a deadly mixture, which might destroy a hundred lives. Tomatoes placed upon a newly-painted shelf to ripen, will take up the lead in such a form as to make it poisonous. These things should be remembered.

☞ A man in St. Louis hung himself with the whiplash which his wife had just used on him.

☞ The long dress r[illegible] seems to be on its last feet, judging from the appearance our fashionable belles present on the street. Men will now no more be thrown upon their noses by treading upon crinoline, the disgusting scavenger's office will be abolished by the ladies, and frowning faces will no more attend torn flounces. The era of short dresses has begun.

☞ More than half the income tax comes from three states—Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania.

☞ Curious Experiment.—If a bottle be half filled with ground coffee, such as is used for making that beverage, and the bottle then filled with cold water, and the cork replaced, the evolution of gas or air will be so great as to force out the cork. It is also stated that the force is sufficient to burst the bottle if the cork be tightly secured.

☞ "How does that look?" said Mr. Cramp, holding out his brawny hand. "That," said Amos, "looks as though you were out of soap."

☞ Milk.—In Brittany, the milk of the previous evening is mixed with the morning's milk, and after standing a few hours, the whole is churned, and is said to produce a large amount of butter, of better quality, and will keep longer, than that treated in the usual manner.

☞ The pedigree of shoddy is thus given. These are the generations of Pshawdee. Pshawd, who came from Jonbool, begat Pedullah; and Pedullah begat Rheet Aylah; and Rheet Aylah begat Jobbah; and Jobbah begat Holz Ayl; and Holz Ayl begat Kaudphyssh; and Kaudphyssh begat Pshawdee.

☞ An English jury has decided that when a man who is smoking in a railroad car refuses to remove his cigar at the request of his fellow-passengers, they have the right to knock it out of his mouth; and the judge, that one blowing of tobacco smoke in the face of a fellow-passenger might be considered an assault.

☞ Insurance Companies in Leavenworth, Kansas, insure horses against the danger of being stolen. They brand the animals and then keep agents all around, to cause the arrest of all persons having such animals without being able properly to account for their possession.

☞ An illustration of acquitting a man who confesses his guilt on the principle of his being so great a liar that he cannot be believed even against himself is given in the case of Butler, the negro, charged with stabbing Mr. Leach, in Hartford. The negro confessed the deed, but the family with whom he lived, about six miles from Hartford, testify that he was at home the whole night.

☞ John Smith, a second Quintus Curtius, a citizen of Memphis, desirous of ameliorating the condition of the streets of his native city, is reported to have plunged headlong into the mud, leaving only the soles of his boots exposed, with the touching inscription in chalk, "Who will care for mother now?"

☞ In the latest edition of "Carpenter's Physiology" it is mentioned that out of three hundred and fifty-nine idiots in England, the condition of whose progenitors could be ascertained, ninety-nine were children of absolute drunkards, and a large proportion of the parents of the remainder were more or less intemperate. Of the three hundred and fifty-nine idiots fifteen were the children of parents nearly related by blood.

☞ The daily consumption of oysters in Paris amounts to upwards of three-quarters of a million. The number of snails—now so favorite an edible with the Paris gourmands as to have thrown the frog, the national delicacy par excellence, completely into the shade—brought daily to the Paris market, is not so easily ascertained; all one knows is, that from Burgundy and Champagne, the great snail producing districts, upwards of one hundred thousand are dispatched to Paris every day.

☞ One hundred miles west of Fort Riley is the centre of the United States.

Electricity.

Bayard Taylor, while recently camping out in the Rocky Mountains, Colorado, experienced three distinct electric shocks; probably, he says, from the fact that he was insulated by the India-rubber cloth upon which he was lying, and then touched the earth with his hand. On the snowy ranges persons are sometimes so charged that there are sparks and crackling sounds at every movement of their bodies. Men unacquainted with the phenomenon imagine that bees have gotten into their hair, and that rattlesnakes are at their heels. Many strange stories are told of the effect of the fluid, which seems to manifest itself in an eccentric but not a dangerous form.

The Decline in Gold.

They tell a story of a cautious financier of this city, who was in the office of J. E. M. Gilley, broker, in Boston, recently, when a person came in and asked Gilley what was the cause of the decline in gold, and inquired how low it would probably go. "Well," said Gilley, "some shrewd men on State Street think it will go to par right off, others, who think we do not know how valuable greenbacks are, predict it will go down to 80, or 20 per cent. below greenbacks!" Our Portsmouth citizen, who has an eye to the main chance, stepped up to the broker and quietly remarked, "Should it go down to 75, please buy $1,000 for me."—*Portsmouth Chron.*

THE QUALITY OF WOOL is tested by taking a lock from the sheep's back, and placing it on a surface representing an inch in length. If the spirals count from thirty to thirty-three in that space the wool is equal to the finest "Electoral" or Saxony wool. The staple is inferior accordingly as it takes a lesser number to fill up the same space.

TO TEST GOLD OR SILVER.—Medals purporting to be gold or silver may be easily tested by moistening the metal and rubbing lunar caustic on the wet part. If the metal is pure the mark will be faint, but if it is not pure the mark will be darker in proportion as the alloy is greater, until in the case of counterfeit or base metals the mark will be quite black.

☞ ALL RIGHT EITHER WAY.—"Hasn't your horse got the heaves?" asked a customer. "Heaves, is it?" exclaimed the apparently astonished owner. "An' if he's any the better for the heaves, he has 'em; if not, the divil a bit has he!"

☞ The American colony at Jaffa is discouraged. They have been deceived by their leaders; many have died, others are sick, and they beg for a man-of-war to take them home. Meanwhile the Porte has entered a protest against the whole project of an American colony in Palestine.

☞ "This, we must remember, is the fall season," said Mr. Quilp, as he gracefully bumped his nose on the ice yesterday, to the amusement of some saucy shop girls who tittered audibly.

"The Hair, Scalp and Face."
DR. B. C. PERRY,
Dermatologist, author of the above valuable Book, published and for sale by JAMES MILLER, 522 Broadway, can be consulted at No. 49 Bond street, New York, for all cutaneous diseases of the head or scalp. Loss of hair and premature grayness; moles, wens and warts permanently cured; moth patches, freckles, pimples, comedones (called black worms), and all brown discolorations removed from the face.

To remove moth patches, freckles, or any brown discoloration from the skin, ask your druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, or send to Dr. Perry.

No charge for consultations—personally or by letter. dec22-3m

RX YE PIMPLED, Blotched and Ulcerated victims of scrofulous diseases, who drag your unclean persons into the company of better men, take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and purge out the foul corruption from your blood. Restore your health, and you will not only enjoy life better, but make your company more tolerable to those who must keep it. jan19-2t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been little or no demand; about 8400 bbls sold at $8,25@8,75 for superfine, $9@10,75 for extra, $11,50@13,50 for low grade and fancy Northwest family, $13@14,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $15@17 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $7,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce; 5000 bus Penna red sold at $2,70@3,20; 6000 bus Southern do at $3@3,15; small lots Penna and Southern white at $3,25@3,35, and 9000 bus California white at $3,35 ₩ bus. Rye 3000 bus sold at $1,34@1,37 for Western, and $1,40 ₩ bus for Penna. Corn; about 47,000 bus new yellow sold at from 90@$1,03 ₩ bus. Oats; 26,000 bus sold at 58@59c for Delaware, and 57@58c ₩ bus for Penna.

PROVISIONS—There is no perceptible change to notice. Pork is quiet, with small sales at $21@22 for new Mess, $20 for Prime Mess, and $17 for prime Mess Beef ranges from $15 to $18 for Western, and $22,50 to $23 for city packed. Bacon—We quote Smoked Hams at 15@16c, and Shoulders at 11@11½c. Green Meats are held at 12@13c for Pickled Hams, and 8½@9c for Salted Shoulders. Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs are making at 12½@13c ₩ lb, and kegs at 14@15c. Butter—Small sales are making at 18@35c for roll; 30@33c for dairy; and 14@35c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at $10@17c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 23@33c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The demand has been limited; about 600 bales of middlings sold, in lots, at 35@35½c for Uplands, and 36c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—80 hhds of 1st No 1 Quercitron sold at $48 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 39@40c ₩ lb.

COAL continues dull. Cargo sales are reported at $5@5,25 for White Ash, and $5,25@5,50 ₩ ton for Red Ash.

FEATHERS—Sales of good Western are making at 39@45c, and choice at 47½c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are making at $2@6 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples—Sales at 8½@10c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of unpared quarters at 13@15c, halves at 15@18c, and pared at from 30@33c ₩ lb.

PLASTER—We quote soft at $4,20 ₩ ton.

HOPS are in fair demand. Prime new sell at 65@70c, and fair to good at 45@60c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is dull at $6@6,50 ₩ bus. Timothy ranges at from $3,25@3,75, and Flaxseed at $2,90@3 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—New England Rum sells at $2,35@2,37 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—Small sales are making at 11@11½c for city rendered, and 10½c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—The market continues inactive. About 120,000 lbs sold in lots at 62@65c for double extra; 58@60c for extra; 50@55c for fine; 50@55c for medium; 43@45c for coarse; 45@55c for tub-washed; 40@45c for extra western pulled, and 30@33c ₩ lb for No. 1 western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 16½@17 cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $50 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—5800 head were disposed of at from 6@7 cts ₩ lb. 3500 Hogs sold at from $8,50@9,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

"A VALUABLE MEDICINE."—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials of its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists."—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND
is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND
Cures Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a GOOD AND TRIED MEDICINE.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally. nov17-3m

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER Derives much of its popularity from the simplicity attending its use, which gives it a peculiar value in a family. The various diseases which may be reached by it, and in their incipient stages eradicated, are among those which are peculiarly fatal if suffered to run; but the curative magic of this preparation at once disarms them of their terrors. In all respects it fulfills the conditions of a popular medicine. jan19-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT have relieved more suffering and pain than all the other remedies known at the present day. The Ointment for old sores and ulcers, and the Pills for dyspepsia and bilious complaints, are unequalled. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 27th, WAYNE MACVEIGH, Esq., to VIRGINIA ROLETTE, daughter of Hon. Simon Cameron.

On the 20th of Dec., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOHN A. HELMS to Miss RACHEL W. CLARK, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, D. D., Mr. HENRY S. BILL, to Miss MARY E., daughter of Ald. E. Williams, both of this city.

On the 1st of Nov., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. FRANKLIN PAHL to Miss KATE GAUL, both of this city.

On the 31st of Dec., by the Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. WASHINGTON SMILEY to Miss HANNAH MORRIS, both of this city.

On the 13th of Nov., by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, Mr. HUGH LENNOX to Miss ELIZABETH HANNAH.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, JAMES SOUTHERN, in his 51st year.

On the 7th instant, WILLIAM MASON, in his 82d year.

On the 7th instant, Capt. JOEL FIELDS, in his 68th year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. SUSAN R., wife of Wm. Vaughan, in her 52d year.

On the 6th instant, CHALKLEY M. JUSTICE, in his 67th year.

On the 5th instant, MT. MATTHIAS M. FOTE, in his 70th year.

On the 5th instant, EDWARD WAGGONER, in his 67th year.

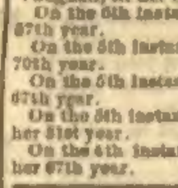
On the 5th instant, Mrs. JULIA M. NEWNHAM, in her 81st year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE BAGLE, in her 67th year.

LOW-PRICED PIANO FORTE BOOKS,
Containing Instruction, Exercises and Choice Music.
Model School for Piano, $1.50. Wisner's Perfect Guide for the Piano. Designed to impart a knowledge of Piano Playing without the aid of a teacher, 75. The Child's First Book for the Piano, 75. Piano without a Master, 75. Howe's Piano, 50. Woodbury's Piano, 50,—each containing, in addition to instructions a choice collection of music. Mailed, post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers, Boston.

A HEAVY BEARD
in five weeks is warranted those who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. It will not injure the skin and *never fails*. Sent, closely sealed, and post-paid, for 50 cents. W. C. RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. jan19-3m

MONEY RETURNED
In full, if after a few day's use of "GODFREY'S CORDIAL BENEDICT" its effects are unsatisfactory. $5 a box—few require more. It is the prescription of one of the most eminent professors and surgeons in the United States, and is known to be scientific, safe, and successful remedy. Occasionally a case may have passed into the incurable stage—for man was born to die—but that none may be imposed on, we make the above offer, agreeable to the printed statement on each box. Sold by P. C. GODFREY only, nov3-3m No. 3 Union Square, N. Y.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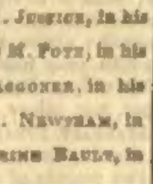
SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.
Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, oc27-3m Parkman, Ohio.

$30,000.
FOR A FORTUNE, AND NO DECEPTION,
Address HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass. Jan12-13t

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, nov3-3m No. 42 Cedar St., New York.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec17-tf Box 3290, Boston, Mass.

Rates of Advertising.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

A PENNSYLVANIA
AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

On the second Saturday of January, 1867, the undersigned will commence the publication of a new weekly journal, entitled the

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

It will be printed in quarto form, eight pages, on fine paper, and new type, and will be illustrated with

Engravings of Live Stock, Fruit, Farm Buildings, Agricultural Implements, &c.

☞ A corps of practical and well-known Agricultural writers will contribute regularly to its columns. The Market Reports will be full and reliable.

A LITERARY DEPARTMENT,
to instruct and amuse the farmer's better-half and his sons and daughters, will make the "FARM AND FIRESIDE" a welcome visitor to every ingle-nook of Pennsylvania or the United States.

No expense or pains will be spared to make a journal worthy the patronage of an intelligent public. It will advocate the best interests of a rural life.

TERMS:—$1.00 per annum, invariably in advance. No subscriptions received for less than one year. *Specimen number sent free.* For sale by all Newsmen.

All letters, Remittances, &c., should be addressed to S. S. FOSS, Publisher, jan19-2t 403 Prune Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MENDENHALL'S
Improved Self-Acting
HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

HALF THE COST
of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.

A boy or girl thirteen years old can operate it. From 16 to 30 yards can be woven with it in a day.

FARMERS,
Don't sell your "fine wools" and buy shoddy cloth, when with one of these Looms in your house you can make all your own goods, and much better quality, at half the price you pay for shoddy.

For circulars, price list and samples of cloth woven on the Loom, address with stamp,

A. B. GATES & CO.,
333 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Also, dealers in Reeds, Harness, Shuttles, Cotton Warps, Wool and Cotton Yarns, &c., &c. oc20-tf

VALENTINES.
Send for the Puzzle Valentines.
20 PUZZLE VALENTINES, ALL A RIDDLE without the key, mailed to any part of the country for 50 cents, with the key to explain them. Greatly improved since last year. Also, Comic and Sentimental Valentines mailed or expressed. I. A. PITTMAN, Publisher, 9 West Third St., Cincinnati. jan12-4t

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.
Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	105

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	85
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	115

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PEYKESON,
310 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The Great Strengthening Tonic
(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE
Debility! Debility!
Resulting from any cause whatever.

H
PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM
INDUCED BY
Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.
OR
DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.
SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,
Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O
DYSPEPSIA,
And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,
ARE CURED BY
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
This Bitters has *performed more* Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

O
We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and
WILL PAY $1,000
to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility
AND
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F
Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flashes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L
REMEMBER,
That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]
Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A
[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]
I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Pennypack Baptist Church, Philada.]
From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]
Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.
Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH, 920 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

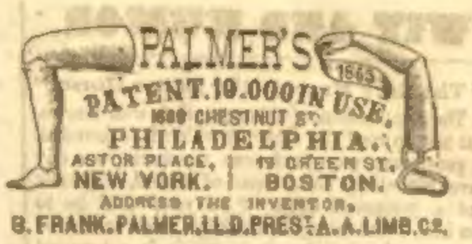
N
Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 26 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.
Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.
These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D
Beware of Counterfeits!
☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.
☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the interesting preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory,
No. 631 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JONES & EVANS,
[*Successors to C. M. JACKSON & CO.*]
Proprietors.
For sale by Druggists Dealers and in every town in the United States. may 12-ow1y



These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct23-1y

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at	9.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 10 00	A.M. &	11.20	P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at	12.00	M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	"	1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	"	4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	"	9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 8.10 P.M.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at	12.50	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 8.20	A.M. &	7.10	P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at	9.20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	"	1.30	"
DAY EXPRESS	"	5.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	9.50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday. Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 8.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.50 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, ap7-9m No. 137 Dock Street.

INVASION!
Do you wish to have your hair cauterized from the scalp? No. Then beware of the new brood of Vitriolic and Caustic Dyes got up by nostrum-mongers, who bear the same relation to the responsible Chemist that

PIRATES AND PRIVATEERS
bear to honest merchantmen. Remember that the experience of years, and the very highest scientific endorsements, guarantee the superiority of

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE
over every other in use. It is purely vegetable, infallible and instantaneous.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold by all Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. jan-2teow

IMPORTANT QUALITIES.—BRANDRETH'S PILLS SO STIMULATE all the interior powers of the system that every poison or impurity is forced from the blood into the bowels, and thus passes off. Recent cases of sickness will often be cured by the effect of 6 or 8 Brandreth's Pills, which, when the operation is full and complete, leave the blood as free from poisonous and unhealthy matter as that of a new-born babe. In colds, inflammatory diseases, and even in cholera, their use restores to health sooner than all other remedies, because they take from the blood and bowels those matters upon which pains, cramps, and aches depend for continuance.

Captain Isaac Smith, of Sing Sing, says, thirty of Brandreth's Pills, taken according to directions, cured him of a very severe bronchial affection after other means had failed, and he wishes his numerous friends to know the fact.

Brandreth's Pills, Principal Office, Brandreth House, New York. Sold also by all Druggists. See my name on Government stamp, without which the pills are spurious. B. BRANDRETH.
jan5-2teow

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 368, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. 4oc8-ly

WIT AND HUMOR.

"The Gray Mare is the Better Horse."

The application of this proverb is well known, but not so well the story on which it is founded. A gentleman who had seen the world, one day gave his eldest son a span of horses, a chariot and a basket of eggs. "Do you," said he to the boy, "travel upon the high road until you come to the first house in which is a married couple. If you find that the husband is the master there, give him one of the horses. If, on the contrary, the wife is the ruler, give her an egg. Return at once if you part with a horse, but do not come back so long as you keep both horses and there is an egg remaining."

Away went the boy, full of his mission, and just beyond the borders of his father's estate, lo! a modest cottage. He alighted from his chariot and knocked at the door. The good wife opened it for him and courtesied.

"Is your husband at home?"

"No;" but she would call him from the hay-field.

In he came, wiping his brows. The young man told them his errand.

"Why," says the wife, bridling and rolling the corner of her apron, "I always do as John wants me to do; he is my master, aint you, John?"

"Then," said the boy, "I am to give you a horse; which will you take?"

"I think," said John, "as how that bay gelding seems to be the one as would suit me the best."

"If we have a *choice*, husband," said the wife, "I think the gray mare will suit us best."

"No," replied John, "the bay for me; he is the more square in front, and his legs are better."

"Now," said the wife, "I don't think so; the gray mare is the better horse, and I shall never be contented unless I get that one."

"Well," said John, "if your mind is set on it, I'll give up; we'll take the gray mare."

"Thank you," said the boy, "allow me to give you an egg from this basket; it is a nice fresh one, and you can boil it hard or soft, as your wife will allow."

The rest of the story you may imagine; the young man came home with both horses, but not an egg remained in the basket.

Cooler than the Season.

A Nashville paper says that lately a well-known lawyer of that city presented, for the twentieth time, a small bill that had been left in his hands for collection. The party who was requested to pay it protested the utter innocence of his pocket-book of anything that resembled greenbacks. Vexed at his repeated failures, the lawyer, just as he was about to leave, said, "I'm tired of this affair, and I guess I'll shut your shop till it is paid." The remark was received with perfect composure, and the man, locking the door and handing the key to the gentleman, said, coolly, "I'll save you all trouble about the matter, my agitated friend. Here is the key to the concern. Take it and run this business for me. I shall be more than satisfied. All I ask of you is to let me loaf around occasionally, and see if you make anything out of it. I can't, and I have a great curiosity to see you or any other man make the trial." The lawyer left.

A Bargain.

Little Frank—"Great Cæsar, mother, what a big apple!"

Mother—"It's wicked, Franky, to say Great Cæsar. I've often reproved you for using this bad word, which you have learned from the boys in the street, but you keep on repeating it. Now I will tell you what I will do. I will give you five cents not to say 'Great Cæsar' any more."

"It's a bargain, mother," cried the little four year old, and the money was paid.

Two or three days afterward little Frank came running into the house from his play on the street, his eyes glistening and his cheeks red with excitement. "Mother, mother, I've learned a new word from the boys. It's 'Great Peter.' Give me five cents more, and I'll quit saying that, too."

Worrying Him.

One morning, during the late war, an officer riding through the woods of North Alabama, was attracted by a tall, lank countryman, who seemed to be using his best endeavors to reach the top of a large hickory tree. Scarcely had he gained the summit, when, rapidly descending, he started up another one a few yards further off. This strange proceeding was continued at least a dozen times, the countryman climbing and descending one tree after another for nearly a quarter of a mile. The officer, at length overtaking him, inquired the cause of his eccentric gyrations. "Wal, stranger," he answered, "I was lyin' asleep under yon hickory, when a darned squirrel dropped a shell-bark into my eye. I'm goin' to worry him till he leaves the settlement, if I die in the attempt."

A Cold Term.

During the prevalence of a recent cold snap, the weather furnished a theme of conversation to a group of loafers who gathered around a stove in a certain store. One of them, David I——, after listening to the talk awhile, burst forth as follows: "If you call this cold, I should like to know how you would like to live in Minnesota. Why, I was there a few winters ago, and the man with whom I was boarding went out to feed the poultry, and he carried a tea-kettle of boiling water to thaw them out, and in pouring the water out, it froze before it reached the ground, so that before all was emptied there was a stream of ice half way up to the nose of the tea-kettle." The deadly silence which followed was broken by a bystander asking, "Did he feed the chickens?"

In ——, Vermont, there lives an old lady of great religious excitability, and it may be that her "intellex" are a little sprung. She had listened to a sermon on the service of God and Mammon, and got the thing a good deal mixed up; but with a very strong impression that Mammon was the god of *this* world, and therefore to be served while she was here. As soon as the sermon was ended, she rose from her seat, and in a clear, shrill voice, that rang through the house, she said: "Brethren and sisters, I have often followed after the Evil One, but from this time onward I mean to serve that good old Mammon as long as I live!"

WHAT A FIB!

JULIA.—"'Gusta, dear, do see the love of a bouquet Captain Dash gave me!"

'GUSTA (who is a little jealous).—"Yes, dear, it's very pretty. He offered it to me before you came down."

Quick Wit.

"Sidney Smith and Douglass Jerrold used to say terribly severe things at times. They were often perfectly crushing," said Mr. A. Most of them have been made public in one way or another and are well known. The latter was especially apt and quick-witted, and invariably equal to any call that was made upon him. One evening in a mixed company, we were playing a game to test our knowledge of Shakespeare. Each person was to name some object, it mattered not what, to the guest next to him, and the latter, under pain of a forfeit, was to give some quotation from the poet to illustrate it. To Jerrold was given the word treadmill, and he hardly hesitated a moment before replying in the well-known language of Lear, "Down, thou climbing sorrow!"

☞ An exchange says:—"If our wife wanted to run away with another man we would wish her God speed, for we think too much of her to see her want for anything."

☞ Artists have adopted different emblems of charity. We wonder none of them ever thought of a piece of India rubber, which gives more than any other substance.

THOUGHTS ON FINDING A LADY'S NIGHT-CAP.

Pretty little night-cap,
Where's the little head
That used to lie within your folds,
So snugly tucked in bed?

Where the glowing cheeks that hid,
And where the pretty face,
That used to smile in dreams of love
Within this frame of lace?

And where the nimble fingers, pray,
Of the cunning little witch
That worked this crown in neat crotchet,
And never dropped a stitch?

See where some cruel monster tore,
And at laces made a dash,
And here some wagon wheel went o'er,
And crushed it in a flash.

But never mind this sad mishap,
Though ruthless fingers tore it,
I'll keep this pretty little cap
'Till I find the head that wore it.

And then, should this fair owner be
The style that I prefer,
As she has set her cap at me,
I'll set my cap at her.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SCATTERING SEEDS.

Sowing seeds—broad-cast—scattering them all over civilized creation, among friends, neighbors, acquaintances, strangers. Happening to have more seeds of anything rare and even prospectively valuable, than you will need for home consumption, scatter them as widely as you can and as judiciously. That's the way to do some good, and the consciousness of having done it makes a very comfortable reward.

We too have been making a wide scattering of seeds these two years past—mostly on the S. E. Post routes from Maine to Texas—Maryland to Oregon. The results which are coming in, in letters by every mail, give assurance that the distribution has done good; besides proving in our opinion something else of importance—i. e. that a very great deal that has been said, written, and printed about "old stocks," "superannuated seeds"—"trash"—sent out by the Department of Agriculture, are petty squibs and illnatured fibs.

Last March we received from the Commissioner, two large packages of field, garden, and flower seeds, and before the first of May every paper was distributed, and now from the many more than a hundred reports already received from all quarters of the Union, not one case of failure or dissatisfaction is reported. On the contrary, all have been well pleased with results, and many ably written, intelligent reports are highly interesting. We shall have great pleasure in making up from them a condensed compendium for some agricultural journal having more rural space than we have, or for a future Agricultural Report. And if the Commissioner shall see fit to make seed-sowers of us a second time, we shall scatter them as before, more judiciously perhaps than an M. C. would do it.

THE UMBRELLA TREE.

Indigenous in Texas, Lower California, New Mexico, the higher sierras of Old Mexico, and the elevated territories of Central America; but grows most luxuriantly in Texas. The tree is hardy, of rapid growth, free from all insect pests, and very beautiful in structure. If it will succeed—and there is no good reason why it should not—it would be an invaluable acquisition in all our prairie regions of the Great West, both for ornament and utility. A correspondent from Galveston, Texas, does the tree no more than simple justice in the following graphic description:

"This beautiful shade and ornamental tree may justly be regarded as the pride of Texas. If it did not originate in our state, (and of that I have no knowledge,) it flourishes to an extent here that the writer has nowhere else witnessed. It derives its popular name from its resemblance to an opened umbrella—its branches spreading in every direction after the tree attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet—the top forming a dense shade for a circuit of many feet, the beautifully thatched, over-lapping foliage being alike impervious to sun and rain.

"A large family can find shelter under one of these natural umbrellas either from sun or storm. A Sunday-school largely exceeding the minimum of John Wesley's of ten scholars, could comfortably quarter under one of these China Umbrella trees. The proper time for transplanting the trees is in December and January. The seeds may be planted any time during the winter. It thrives and grows best in light, rich soils."

ABOUT THE WHEAT.

We have been into, through, and over, two hundred and more wheat fields, and begin to be afraid—was some exercised several weeks ago—suspicious that through the persistent Indian summer running so far on towards Christmas, a good deal of early sown wheat might come to grief. It looks more like it now, if there should come an early thaw and break up. Much of the wheat has got too vigorous a growth. That won't do our way, where the ground lays bare three-quarters of the time, and freezes like Lapland. In countries where the earth puts on a warm snow blanket early in December and never thinks of laying it off till near the last of March, early seeding and strong fall growth are less productive of mischief.

We have seen some early sown fields in which the wheat stands from six to ten inches, and has made in some cases the second joint. Of course there is a corresponding growth of root. We found some run down eight or nine inches. Now if there comes on a thaw-out and break-up, in the low lands, where the soil is saturated with moisture, and subject to "heave," surface flakes are lifted from three to four inches thick—*snap* go the main, and many of the minor roots, and inevitable death to the plant results. This, so far as we have been able to dig into cause and effect, is the source of all "winter-kill" in wheat. The plant may be drowned, or absolutely frozen to death; but winter-kill comes, as we believe, from too early seeding, and then the heaving of the surface by frost, severing the main roots, and the next severe freezing finishing the work.

HOW TO TELL A FARMER.

In drifting here and there, anywhere you will, through and across the country, one keeping an "eye to windward," as sailors say, can always tell a farmer without seeing him—just by driving moderately past his premises. Take, for instance, a raw, cold, blustering day, about this time of year, and look out, and in too, as far as you can—you'll find out who lives there, without stopping to inquire. If you find the fences all up and in order, gates in repair, and shut, see the barns, stables, sheds, and all out-houses newly battened, all tidy and snug about the yard—house banked up with tan bark, and cellar windows barricaded against frost—not a scythe, rake, or hoe, hanging out on apple-tree limbs, not a wagon, cart, plough, or implement of any sort unhoused; the young choice fruit-trees jacketed with straw overcoats, sheds littered with clean straw and sleek cattle underneath, comfortably sheltered, and coolly chewing their contented cuds—seeing these signs, you may safely say: "Yes—a *farmer* lives here."

Wherever you see fences going to wreck, gates dragging by one hinge, barns, sheds, and stables like Jack Straw's house—neither wind nor water tight—cattle shivering unsheltered, out in the cold; pinched up pigs squealing murder; and ploughs, rakes, reapers, carts, horses, and hand-barrows shot about promiscuously. That's the other sort lives there. *No farmer.* Only a sloven—slouch—squatter—nobody in two or three years more. We are marking down all such squatters in our drifting about.

ABOUT HENS LAYING.

Some anonymous Indiana friend sent us a short essay upon the subject of making hens lay in winter. All correct enough, but we happened to have about the same prescription printed a week earlier. If somebody will please send some reasonable means of making hens lay for less than fifty cents a dozen considerably, and reasonably good eggs, we will propose a national vote of thanks and leave them by will *that* old fiddle.

WEATHER VAGARIES.

Of late no one seems to have any care of, or control over, the weather. In New York and eastward, storms, drifts, trains "snow-bound," everybody blockaded, on the Atlantic awful gales and fearful loss of life and property, out West raining, far down South snowing; this way bare ground and December dust blowing in blinding clouds—everywhere hurricanes and mercury in very low circumstances—most wretched, unreasonable weather. If it goes on this way much longer, it will run into chaos absolute.

FOR CHILBLAINS AND FROST BITES.

Pretty strong lye of wood-ashes—say one quart, mix with it a gill each of spirits turpentine and coal oil. Rub on thoroughly and dry in well by a hot fire. It will cure, don't cost much, and it will be a capital plan to have it on hand for any emergency.

GATHERED GRAINS.

——The Louisiana sugar crop is a light one, but a better quality of sugar has been made than ever before.

——Rinderpest coming westward again in Europe. Killing off cattle, many and very fast in Holland and Belgium. Accounts from that way say so.

——The golden Californians are making themselves independently silky. Growing mulberries, propagating silk worms, producing cocoons, and establishing silk factories *a la* Lyons. Got two.

——Down in Delaware county they killed a "fatted calf" the other day six weeks old, the four quarters weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. Delaware county produces some great calves.

——Out in southwestern Kansas they shovel up pure, fine, ready-made salt from the surface of the ground by cart loads. Of course they don't make gardens, or grow grain in those fields. Pretty good place though for field pork-packing.

——At the last session of Congress, an "out-west" member protested against admitting flax-seed duty free, pleading that his constituents were largely interested in flax culture. So another member adroitly proposed to admit linseed duty free, and put a duty on flaxseed. So Congress did both, and there it stands, a law and laughing stock—for linseed is but another name for flax-seed.

RECEIPTS.

SOUP.—Get what is called a good soup bone, boil two hours, leaving about two quarts of broth; break two eggs into some flour, and knead it very stiff; roll out in three sheets to the thickness of paper; spread them on a table to dry for half an hour; then place them on one another, and roll them up as you would jelly cake; with a sharp knife cut very fine strips from the end, not wider than the thickness of a case-knife; shake them up to separate them; drop into your broth slowly, stirring your soup all the while. Boil ten minutes; season with pepper, salt, celery, or a little parsley.

BREAKFAST STEAK.—The fire must be quick, and three minutes is sufficient for both sides. For two pounds of steak half a tablespoonful of butter is sufficient. The steaks are salted and peppered before being put into the pan. Sprinkle water cress with salt, pepper and vinegar, and dress around the steak after it is dished.

STUFFED CHICKEN.—Half a pound of sausage meat set on the fire in a saucepan and stir. Then a handful of bread soaked in water, and squeezed out. Two stalks of parsley chopped fine. After stirring a little add one egg, and take it off. Stuff the chicken with the mixture. Any kind of bird may be stuffed in the same way. Sew the bird up, truss it as when you roast, and bake it.

This is served either as an entree or a roast piece.

A chicken may be stuffed with whole roasted chestnuts or with truffles.

POTATOES IN SALAD.—Butter, vinegar, salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Slice hot potatoes, and turn them into a frying pan in which there is a little butter. When fried take them off and spread over them the parsley mixture and serve.

BEANS AU JUS.—Soak a pint of white beans in cold water twenty-four hours. Then set them on the fire with a quart of water and a little salt. When cooked turn them in a culander. Then put them on the fire again, with a little broth, chopped parsley, salt, pepper; boil slightly, dish and serve.

MINCE PIES.—Take a pound of beef, free from skin and strings, and chop it very fine; then two pounds of suet, which likewise pick and chop; then add three pounds of currants nicely cleansed and perfectly dry, one pound and a half of apples, the peel and juice of a lemon, half a pint of sweet wine, half a nutmeg, and a few cloves and mace, with a pimento in fine powder; have citron, orange and lemon-peel ready, and put some in each of the pies when made.

LEMON SPONGE.—Simmer in half a pint of water ½ oz. of isinglass, the rind of one lemon, and loaf sugar according to taste, for about half an hour, stirring one way all the time, but it should not boil. Then strain it through a piece of muslin, and let it stand for a few minutes, adding the juice of one lemon; after which whisk it, without stopping at all, till it is quite a thick and almost solid froth; rinse the mould with cold water, and be particular to put the sponge in before it is all congealed.

NOVEL CEMENT TO MEND BROKEN CHINA OR GLASS.—Garlic, bruised in a stone mortar; the juice of which, when applied to the pieces to be joined together, is the finest and strongest cement for that purpose, and will leave little or no mark, if done with care.

PARCHMENT GLUE.—Take one pound of parchment, and boil it in six quarts of water till the quantity be reduced to one; then strain off the drops, and boil it again till it be of the consistence of glue. The same may be done with glovers' cuttings of leather, which make a colorless glue, if not burnt in the evaporation of the water.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 10, 1, 5, 15, is a color.
My 6, 2, 3, 12, is a grain.
My 10, 9, 11, 7, is a mineral.
My 12, 4, 9, 13, is an article of apparel.
My 8, 5, 2, 11, is a place of confinement.
My 13, 11, 14, 5, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My whole is the Governor of one of the United States. EMPEREUR.

Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A character in Dickens's Oliver Twist.
A son of Telamon, King of Salamis.
The goddess of peace among the Greeks.
Sea-nymphs.
One of the Muses.
One of Shakspeare's tragedies.
A Sicilian philosopher.
A daughter of Jupiter.
A name given to a fox.
The queen of the fairies.
A sea-god.
The goddess of the dawn.
A daughter of Rhea and Saturn.
The wife of Orpheus.
The name of Don Quixote's steed.
A town in Delaware.
The king of the fairies.
The reputed builder of Nineveh and founder of the Assyrian monarchy.
One of Bluebeard's wives.
Commander-in-chief of the Grecian forces in the Trojan war.
An ancient name of Ireland, signifying the isle of destiny.
A warlike king of Thrace.
One of the three Fates.
A fabulous being with a hundred eyes.
A famous oracle of old.
The king of Denmark's jester.
My initials form an old and true proverb.
Castle Dangerous, Arcadia. ALEXIA.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three persons, viz.: A, B and C, buy 42 yards of muslin, paying for the whole thereof $3.40; of which A pays $1.80, B pays $1.80, and C pays the remaining $2.10. But when they come to divide the muslin according to the purchase money, they find that as it runs towards the other end it gradually becomes poorer and poorer. A declares that he will have his share from the best end, even if he should get a less number of yards than he would otherwise be entitled to. B is content to take the middle portion. And C, who does not look as much to the quality as the quantity, is willing to take his share from the poorer end, provided it is valued cheaper. Hereupon all three agree that C shall have his part at 7½ cents per yard cheaper than what A and B jointly per yard shall have theirs. Then A and B agree among themselves that A shall take his part at 5 cents higher value per yard than what B shall take his at; and that each of the three men should take out the full part of his purchase money in muslin. How many yards does each get, and at what price per yard?

PERCIVAL JEWETT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When Captain Cook arrived at the antipodes of London, he remarked in his journal that he was "as far from his friends as he could be." Was he so—provided the compression of the earth is 1-300 part of its equitorial diameter?

SELECTED.

☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the least cube number the sum of whose digits is a cube number.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ What sea is like a certain portion of a house in good repair?—A-dri-atic.

☞ Why is John Morrissey like the Red Sea?—Because he is death on Faro.

☞ What is that word in the English language of one syllable, which, if two letters be taken from it, becomes a word of two syllables?—*Plague.*

☞ Why is a chicken like a gunsmith's shop?—Because it contains fowl-in-pieces.

☞ What song do the hens sing, after one has dropped an egg? Why, a round-de-lay, of course.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—A Merry Christmas. CHARADE—Potatoe (Pot-a-toe.) RIDDLE—Germantown.

A PIOUS old negro woman was once caught by her master stealing a goose, and the next Sunday she partook of the Communion, after which her master accosted her as follows: "Why, Hannah, I saw you to-day at the Communion table!" "Yes, tank de Lord, massa, I was 'lowed to be dere wid de rest ob His family." "But, Hannah, I was surprised to see you there!" he said. "How is it about the goose?" She looked a little surprised, as if she didn't comprehend the cause of his wonder, but soon catching the meaning, exclaimed, "Why, sar, do you think I'm goin' to let an old goose stand between me and my Maker?"

☞ A fire-eating Irishman challenged a barrister, who gratified him by an acceptance. The duellist being very lame, requested he might have a prop. "Suppose," said he, "I lean against this milestone?" "With pleasure," replied the lawyer, "on condition that I may lean against the next." This joke settled the quarrel.

☞ A friend of ours says that he considers curates have no right to complain that they are underpaid, for however small their salaries are, they must be able to live within their means, since they have a surplice at the end of each week.